HARPER'S WEEKLY
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

Vol. XXXV.—No. 1790.
NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 11, 1891.
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INCLUDING SUPPLEMENT.

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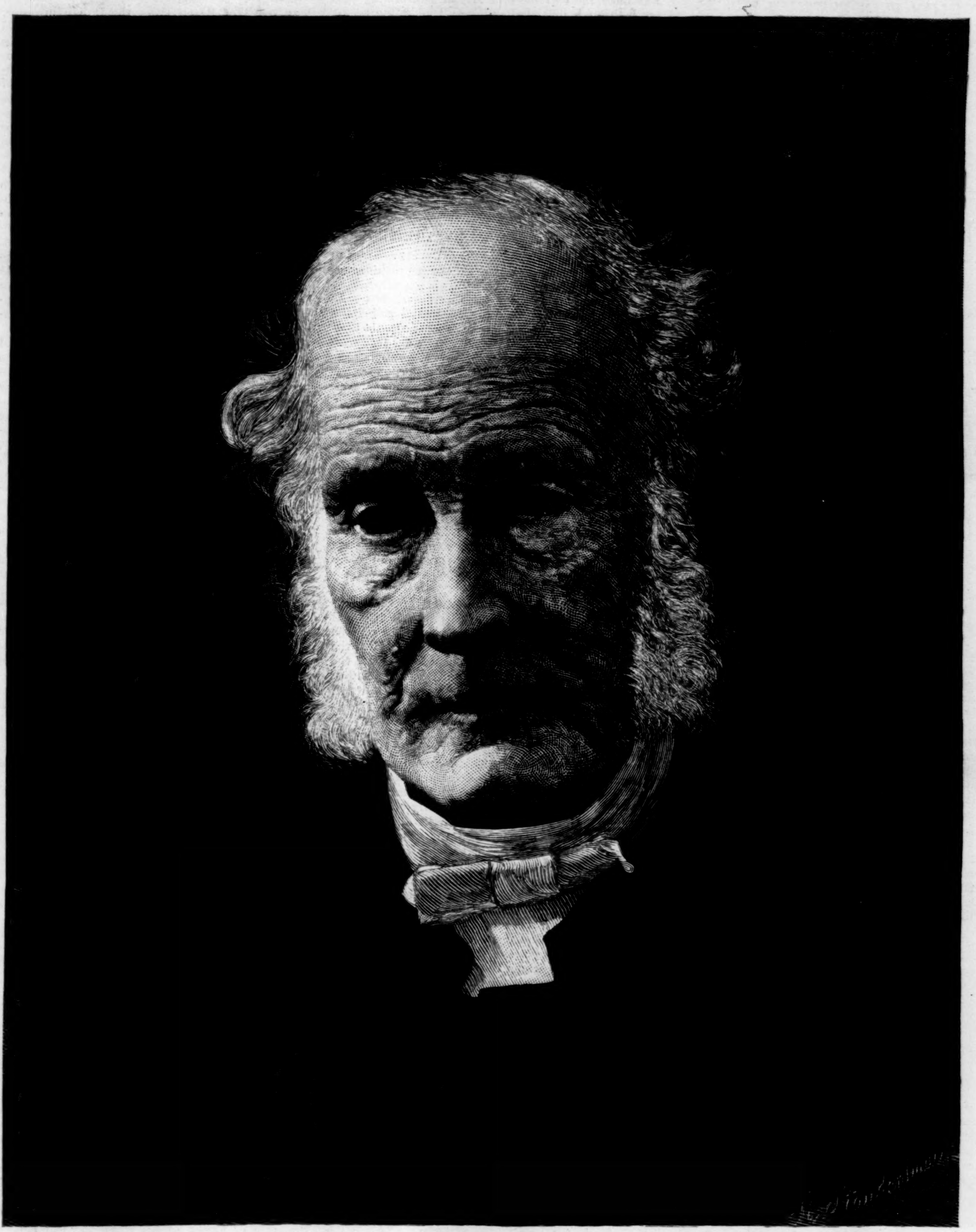

THE REV. JAMES McCOSH, D.D., LL.D., EX-PRESIDENT OF PRINCETON COLLEGE.—[See Page 266.]

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## THE INDIANS AGAIN.

THE Indian situation is evidently as unsatisfactory as ever, and those who are the best informed upon the whole subject have no doubt whatever that we, and not the Indians, are chiefly to blame. If any person who can be regarded as an authority has declared that the late Sioux war was due mainly to Indian duplicity or wrong-doing, we do not recall the fact. Nor is there any doubt that the suppression of the outbreak without more bloodshed was due to the wisdom, experience, and military ability of General **Miles**. It is very fortunate, both for the Indians and for the country, that he is in command in the disturbed region. It is well known that the recent visit of the Sioux chiefs to Washington was profoundly disappointing to them. It is no wonder, for they have not been taught to respect the word of the government. They went back disheartened and dissatisfied. They have been suffering in the old way during the winter, and have been compelled to live upon beef that, the officers say, is unfit to be issued to human beings. Cattle bought by the government in October at an average weight of 1137 pounds, now weigh only 875 pounds; and many must have died during the winter. Officers report that those which have been issued during the last few weeks are simply a framework of skin and bone, and cost the government more in October than good merchantable beef could be bought in winter in that vicinity.

It is not yet understood as it should be that the present Indian troubles are largely due to the want of food. We have undertaken to feed the Indians, and we do not do it fairly. We have undertaken it because we have acquired so much of the Indian land. It has been surrendered by treaty, and the Indians are compelled to live on land unfit for agriculture, and where they cannot sustain life by cultivating the soil. It is a high, arid, plain country, and even the whites in great numbers, after trying it fairly, have abandoned their farms and have gone elsewhere. But the Indians cannot leave their reservations and wander in pursuit of employment without a permit from the agent. They are compelled to live upon the supplies that the government has agreed to give them for the land which they have surrendered, and upon what little stock they can raise from the very small allowance furnished them for stock purposes. Food is the vital question of the present generation of Sioux.

Is it surprising that, wronged and starving, they fell easily under the frenzy of the ghost dance, and became turbulent, defiant, and hostile? Is it surprising that they are suspicious at every turn, and apprehensive of more of our promises and smooth words? Is it surprising that the Indian agents, selected by politicians for any purpose but the welfare of the Indians themselves, lost control of their reservations, and appealed to the government for armed protection? Most fortunately the energy and skill of General **Miles** succeeded in arresting the turbulent leaders, suppressing the revolt, and protecting the settlers. The whole force of hostiles was being driven back to the agency when the Wounded Knee affair, in which a regiment of about four hundred men was surrounded and nearly captured by a band of about sixty hostile warriors, occurred. This caused the hostiles who were coming in to break away with some three thousand who until then had been friendly. The task of forcing the Indians back once more under control of the government was again undertaken and happily accomplished, and the military question was ended. But all this finally settles nothing. The reasons of the bitter discontent are not removed. The Indians are still victims, and do not trust our word or our purpose. It must be frankly confessed that they have no good reason to trust us. Mr. **Herbert Welsh**'s account of the situation makes this evident. Intrigues, political and military and ecclesiastical, the Indian ring, the general theory of Indians as vermin and nuisances, the extreme difficulty of ascertaining the truth through official channels—all make the accurate comprehension and wise treatment of the question a subject of great perplexity. But one thing is clear. There is no good excuse for taking the land of the Indians under a promise to feed them, and then breaking our word. There is no possible excuse for not placing the whole Indian administration upon simple principles of honesty and good sense. An administration that would do this would become honorably famous; and so far as our good name has been maintained in the present exigency, the result appears to be chiefly due to General **Miles**, who, we believe, was instructed to prevent an Indian war.

## ELECTION OF SENATORS BY THE PEOPLE.

THE remarkable success of the ballot reform movement has naturally stimulated other propositions of reform in political methods. This is not surprising, because our whole scheme of government is tentative, and while its general fundamental principles are not likely to be questioned, there is no doubt that its details of method will constantly need readjustment. There can be no such conservatism as positive political inaction in this country. But the impatience of new propositions, whatever form the impatience may take, is useful, if it does no more than sharpen the scrutiny with which all new propositions are scanned. A general dull allegation of sentimentality, impracticability, folly, and moonshine against any reform seriously proposed by intelligent men is utterly unimportant. It affects no opinion or action. It is merely a cry of feebleness against a force which is seen to be effective. When the Australian ballot was proposed, we were informed that it was "new-fangled," "whimsical," "absurd," and that the old-fashioned American methods were good enough for old-fashioned American citizens, whatever professors and doctrinaires might think.

This was not found to be a very effective kind of argument. In a great many States the system is already in practice, to the general public benefit and satisfaction, and Maine and Illinois have just adopted it. In Maine it seems to have prevailed against the strong opposition of the Republican leaders and the vote of the majority of the Republican members of the Legislature. This was hardly to be expected, for the Republican party generally has declared for the reform. The success of the Australian system has given an impulse to the demand for the election of United States Senators by the people directly instead of the Legislature. This movement seems to have originated not in the conviction that a Legislature is not likely to elect the best man, but that elections in the Legislature are more easily bought. In other words, it is proposed as a barrier against political corruption. In that sense the proposition becomes a startling proof of the popular belief that the government is largely undermined by corruption. The Senate has been often called a millionaires' club, and in that view the suggestion of election by the people is very significant.

But the value of the scheme as a corrective of corruption must depend upon other political methods. The people do not go to the polls on election day and vote for the men whom they think most suitable for office. They vote only for certain candidates already nominated in a particular manner. In other words, they vote for the regular party candidates, who are selected by a convention. That convention may be corrupted as well as a Legislature, and it is quite as likely as the Legislature to be composed of corruptible members. Moreover, the opportunities for concealing corruption are greater in a convention, which sits for a day or two and then dissolves, than in a Legislature, where there are fewer members under a long and strict public scrutiny. But there is another important consideration. If it be desirable to know the party preference for a candidate for the Senate, it can be ascertained now, and without modifying the Constitution. The best immediate representation of a party is its State Convention. A convention has only to declare its choice for Senator, and the party majority in the Legislature will obey. This is the course pursued in the Presidential Electoral College, except that the instructions in that case proceed from the National Convention. In 1877 the question was raised of recurring to the original intention of the Constitution that every elector should vote as he chose. But the discussion served only to show that no elector could venture to disobey the command of his party without dishonor. The understanding has become so absolute, that to vote for any candidate but that of the convention would have been considered disgraceful. The Democratic Convention of Illinois made General **Palmer** the party candidate for the Senatorship, and the Legislature elected him. It is not doubtful that the party majority in any other Legislature would do the same thing. The argument that the State Legislature could decide more wisely would not be more forcible than the same argument applied to the Electoral College.

## THE RECALL OF THE ITALIAN MINISTER.

THE recall of Baron **Fava**, the Italian minister, was premature, because, although he may have told his government that probably no reparation would be obtained for the shooting of the Italians, yet the investigation is still pending, and the Italian government should have awaited the result. The letter of the Secretary of State to the Governor of Louisiana at the time of the shooting expressed the sincerest regret for the incident, the warmest friendliness for Italy, and the strongest wish that all offenders against the law might be promptly brought to justice. The Italian government could have found no ground of complaint in that letter, and it should have remarked that if among the victims were Italian subjects, there were also American citizens, and that the national government could guarantee to foreign subjects no more than it guaranteed to its own citizens. But the Italian government took action before the nationality of the victims was determined, and while the legal inquiry was proceeding. It was therefore unquestionably hasty action, and it is not to be supposed that friendly relations will be seriously disturbed.

It is very difficult for foreigners to understand the relation between the American States and the Union. A quarter of a century ago General **Raaslöff**, the Danish Minister of War, who had been long Danish minister in this country, and a man of unusual intelligence, committed his government to the St. Thomas treaty as a *fait accompli* before ratification by the Senate. The Senate refused to ratify, and General **Raaslöff**'s political career ended. The Italian government has yet to learn that if the State in which the offence is committed refuses redress, the national government cannot interfere. The position of the government is admirably stated by Mr. **Blaine** in his letter to Baron **Fava**, as it has been stated by his predecessors Mr. **Webster** and Mr. **Evarts**. Mr. **Blaine**'s letter to the Governor of Louisiana says, indeed, "The government of the United States must give to the subjects of friendly powers that security which it demands for our own citizens when temporarily under a foreign jurisdiction." That security is the protection of the local law. But even if the government could control the legal machinery, how could it coerce the action of the jury?

We offer to Italy the same degree and method of protection that we provide for our own citizens. If this can be clearly shown to the Italian government, it will hardly push the controversy further. Certainly it will not question either the good faith or the friendly feeling of both the American government and people.

## HOWARD CROSBY.

THERE was perhaps no citizen of New York whose death would have been so serious a loss to the city as that of **Howard Crosby**. He was a clergyman and a faithful pastor, like scores of others around him, but his death is universally lamented as the loss of a great moral force in the community. The expressions of sorrow for his death are remarkable for their unanimity and sincerity. There is nothing in them which is merely formal. They are the highest tribute which can be paid to a citizen, for they show how profound was the public confidence in his integrity, his practical wisdom, his persistence, his ability, and his efficiency in serving the common interests. He was a constant illustration of the public-spirited citizen. But his public spirit was active, not passive. He was not content to approve good efforts and subscribe to good causes, but he saw where and when and how efforts should be made, and he bravely led the way. In all municipal progress and activity he was a leader. He had the perception, the conviction, and the courage which, were they general, would be invincible, and would make the city of New York what a great city ought to be.

He was born in this city in 1826, of a family distinguished for humane public service. At eighteen he graduated at the university of the city, and at twenty-seven, after a wide range of travel, he was appointed Professor of Greek at his *alma mater*. He was immediately involved in a multitude of religious and other public duties, until his health failed, and he withdrew to New Brunswick, in New Jersey, as Professor of Greek at Rutgers College, and subsequently as pastor of the Presbyterian church. In 1863 he returned to New York, and became pastor of the Fourth Avenue Presbyterian Society. He was elected, in 1870, Chancellor of the University of the City of New York. Columbia made him a Doctor of Laws in 1871, and Harvard, in 1859, Doctor of Divinity. In the Presbyterian communion he was held in high honor. He was Moderator of its General Assembly in 1873, and often a delegate to its councils. Upon his return from his travels he published *Lands of the Moslem*, and his published works include sermons and pamphlets. His large public activity did not interfere with his special studies, and he was one of the founders of the Greek Club in the city, a friendly society of men in various occupations who never lost interest in the study of the Greek language and literature.

But with all these interests his interest in local public affairs was untiring and most effective. As a son of New York, he felt the deep disgrace of its municipal condition and character. As an American, he was stung by the consciousness that the chief American city was a byword among the great cities of the world. As a Christian teacher, he felt that Christianity demanded of him constant and unsparing warfare with the causes of our local shame. To this work of municipal reform, therefore, he addressed himself with a courage as uncompromising as his convictions were profound. The policies of action that he proposed and sustained were not always those of other friends of reform. Thus he believed that in the actual situation a proper license, not prohibition, was the wise measure, and neither sneers nor hostility disturbed his equanimity in standing by his own conscience. His views upon the social situation and tendency in the country were not less definite than his declaration of them was vigorous and incisive. He was clear-sighted, true-hearted, brave, and self-possessed. The presence of such a man, and his practical heroism, were a moral tonic for all good citizens. Dr. Crosby had both the independence and the courage which are indispensable to reform. It is a just instinct which, in a community whose welfare depends upon public spirit wisely and steadily directed, laments the death of such a man as a great public misfortune. During the year another such man, active in a different field and way, was lost in Mr. Brace. Such citizens illustrate the American citizenship which is the hope of the future. It is not our vast material prosperity, it is our moral quality, which is the most vital interest of this community, and of that quality Howard Crosby was a noble illustration.

## SAVE THE PARKS.

The intention of Tammany to destroy the City Hall in the City Hall Park and erect a great municipal building in its place is publicly announced, and naturally commands a great deal of attention. The real question, however, is not of a hall, but of a park. Are we ready wholly to abolish the City Hall Park? The Post-office at the lower end and the judicial building at the upper have seriously reduced its area. A huge city building between them would practically destroy the park. But for beauty, and for light and air at the junction of the two great channels of city life, the retention of the park without further obstruction is most desirable. There is no reason for building a City Hall on that particular spot, except that the city owns the land. But the land is worth more to the city as an open breathing-space than as the site of a city building. The present park, with the old hall and the surrounding buildings, offers probably the most striking architectural effect in the city. The trees and the open spaces are agreeable to the eye. The traditions of the older city linger about the spot, and should the park be wholly obliterated, there is no reserved ground in the city that might not be regarded as doomed.

The elevated railroad recently demanded another piece of the Battery, and for every seizure of open land that any company or scheme may propose, some plausible pretence will be found. If parks are not desirable for a city, let the tax-payers insist that useless ground shall not be retained. If they are desirable for the general health, and for the enjoyment of those who must find their recreation in the city, let them be held open and attractive against all comers. If the elevated railroad wants more land, let it buy the land, and not expect the city not only to present it with land, but with land which is essential to the general health and comfort. If the city wants a new municipal building, let it erect such a building where it will not interfere with the public welfare. When the City Hall was built, it was at the upper limit of the area then occupied by the city. But there is no occasion now for retaining it upon that very spot, at such cost of various kinds. The obstruction at the Battery is a serious injury to the city. The ground is open to the sea air, and is susceptible of being made the most delightful of the smaller parks. It is the only resort open to the people in the lower wards for recreation and relief during the heats of summer, but nothing but an emphatic expression of public feeling can probably save to them this retreat. Its practical appropriation by a rich corporation would be a shame to the intelligence and public spirit of the city.

It is now believed that such possession of the Battery as the Elevated Road has already acquired is illegal, and if the refusal to permit the proposed seizure should end in removing the present railroad tracks from the Battery, and in the junction through State Street of the Sixth and Ninth Avenue tracks with those of the Second and Third Avenue at Front Street, the continuous line would be not only a great public convenience, but would probably increase the travel of the roads by practically uniting the North River and East River ferries. In any case the tendency of the road to encroach on the public grounds should be arrested. The present system of rapid transit in the city will soon be wholly inadequate, if it is not already so, and no good citizen should spare any effort to prevent that system from strengthening itself at the expense of the parks and breathing-spaces of the city.

## FREE TEXT-BOOKS IN PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

There is a warm discussion in Illinois of the demand for supplying the public schools with free text-books. The controversy is another illustration of the socialistic tendency of thought which leads to paternal government. It is interesting to observe that in this way socialism reverts to absolutism. The doctrine of the Holy Alliance seventy years ago in Europe was that the government should take care of the people as a parent of his child. The royal and imperial tone in speaking to the people assumed that the king was the father of his people. The "American system" in the true, not in the tariff, sense was based upon the principle of self-reliance.

This principle is to be applied, of course, according to the Baconian maxim that moderation should be the rule, and excess the exception. That is to say, the state is to do what the individual cannot do for himself. The Post-office is a good illustration. Private enterprise would doubtless undertake to carry letters, but it would carry them only where carriage is profitable. This, however, does not suffice. It is indispensable for the public welfare that letters and papers be distributed everywhere, and the community willingly assumes the work, and makes up the deficit in cost.

Schools, like post-offices, are supported by the state to promote the common welfare, and as text-books are essential to the service of the schools, it is a question whether they may not be as properly supplied as seats or desks. It is agreed that they may be properly furnished free to children whose parents will declare that they are unable to furnish them. But why might not the same argument apply to the instruction, that it shall be furnished free only to those children whose parents or guardians will declare that they are unable to pay for it? If the free supply of school-books be a degradation of individual self-respect, why is not the free supply of instruction open to the same objection? Dogmatism upon the subject is dangerous. There is a great deal of the socialistic spirit in our government already, and while the policy of free texts-books may not be wise, it is not for the reason that it destroys the sense of individual responsibility, which is often urged speculatively as an argument against the public schools themselves.

## PENSIONS FOR SCHOOL-TEACHERS.

The school-teachers' pension bill now pending in the New York Legislature raises a very important question. The Board of Education in the city has voted, with some dissent, against approval of the bill, and some of the members express themselves very decidedly upon the subject. One of them says that such a provision could not be limited to the city of New York. It must be applicable to every city in the State. But if to teachers in the cities, then to all teachers; and if to teachers, then to all other public employés. He thinks that no class of public servants should be pensioned. Pensions should be reserved exclusively for special cases of eminent service, and should be granted by special acts of legislation.

This gentleman holds that teaching is a profession, like medicine and law, and he thinks that those who are engaged in it are generally as well paid as persons in other employments, as is shown by the pressure for appointment, and they must be expected to save for their old age. Moreover, the service, he says, is not dangerous to life nor threatening to health, for, with vacations and holidays, the teachers work less than 200 days of the 365. If they are not paid sufficiently to enable them to lay by something every year, they should be paid more liberally; and if a teacher should be disabled while in the service, he should be specially pensioned. There is undoubtedly much truth in this statement, and the Springfield *Republican* says, truly and conclusively, "The thing to do is to pay the teachers well and then let them look out for themselves, and not seek to dull the edge of their husbandry through any thriftless and pauperizing arrangements."

That teachers are now generally well paid, especially the women, who are the larger part, cannot be truthfully said. They must maintain a certain standard of living, and to do this and save enough for decent support when they retire is impossible. The result is that teaching is very generally regarded as a temporary makeshift, not as a profession, as the gentleman whom we have quoted holds. He compares teaching to law and medicine as a profession. But this is true only to a very limited degree in the higher schools and colleges. In the public school, teaching is an employment rather than a profession. A clever lawyer or physician constantly enlarges his practice and his emoluments. How can a clever public-school teacher do that? Only by leaving the public school. The movement for pensions of teachers will do much if it leads to more liberal compensation.

## A MISAPPREHENSION.

It is objected to the proposed grant to enable the Regents of the University to extend the benefits of higher education to the people that higher education is a luxury for which those who wish it should pay.

The *World* well replies that this remark is true only upon the theory that the State supports schools for the benefit of individuals. But it does not. It supports them for its own advantage, believing that educated intelligence is the only sure foundation of a republic. The State is the judge how far it will go in this direction. In other words, the State decides what kind and degree of education it will maintain. It is not obliged upon any principle to confine education to "the three *r*'s." If it be of opinion that the public welfare will be promoted by teaching drawing, or music, or manual dexterity, it will authorize such teaching for the same reason that it authorizes teaching in reading and writing. The range of teaching is a question of expediency, not of principle.

Ever since there has been a State system of education in New York, it has included what is called higher education. The academies have always partaken of State bounty. The State, that is to say, the people of New York have thought that the common interest would be promoted by fostering academies, and it has aided them as it has maintained a State library and a State museum. Undoubtedly all such action is to be taken reasonably, and the present proposition is very reasonable. University extension contemplates opening to all the people of the State opportunities which are now open to few, and to do it for the same reason that it supports the free school, namely, that it makes better American citizens.

## PERSONAL.

The founding of the New York *Tribune* by Horace Greeley will be celebrated at the Metropolitan Opera-house on the fiftieth anniversary of the paper's inception, which falls on the 10th of this month. This semi-centennial celebration will be properly signalized by the presence of many distinguished Americans, some of whom worked with or knew Mr. Greeley. Among those who will address the meeting will be James G. Blaine; George William Curtis, formerly one of the editors of the *Tribune*; Dr. Chauncey M. Depew; and Charles A. Dana, who was one of Horace Greeley's lieutenants. Walter Damrosch will be present with his orchestra, and in every way the occasion will be made a memorable one.

—The Pittsburgh Art Society showed their appreciation of C. S. Reinhart, the artist, and a former resident of the Smoky City, by giving him a reception at the Carnegie Art Galleries the other evening. A large number of prominent residents were present to meet Mr. Reinhart, and many of his pictures were on exhibition.

—H. Rider Haggard has returned from Mexico full of enthusiasm over the natural resources of the country, but impressed with the belief that its civilization was more strongly advanced in the time of Cortez than it is now. His forth-coming novel will therefore deal with the picturesque traditions of the past rather than with the realistic present of Mexico, which is shrewd in a romancist of the Rider Haggard scope.

—In an article on American literature, in *The National Review* (London), Mr. William Sharp, the eminent poet and critic, speaks of Mr. Henry M. Alden's book, *God in His World*, as "the most noteworthy book of a religious kind (in style as well as in substance) published in England or in America for many years.... Marked by subtlety and depth of insight, as well as by breadth of thought, and distinguished by a style of singular charm, it is an oasis indeed in the monotonous wilderness of religious literature in general."

—Hunting the orchid was a lucrative business a few years ago, and India ministered beneficently to the craze, as Holland had to the tulip mania and Japan to the chrysanthemum rage. Along the banks of her wide streams, and high up on the rocky faces of her loftiest mountains, some of the most valuable orchids were found. Ignatius Foster, of Newtown, Long Island, one of the most widely travelled orchid collectors of the time, is said to have wandered over a thousand miles up the Brahmaputra River in search of a single rare specimen, and its discovery paid him well for his time and trouble.

—The boys at Rugby were made happy not long ago by a visit from "Tom Brown." Judge Thomas Hughes, the original of the school-boy hero, gave the five hundred lads in the school a lay sermon, and then, as it was Sunday, the hymn "Onward, Christian Soldier," was substituted for the usual cheers, and the boys sang with a vigor that nearly raised the roof.

—Among the queerest of post-mortem gifts were the silver phials which the late Dr. Charles F. Heuser, an eccentric Baltimore physician, arranged to have distributed among his friends after they had been filled with ashes from his cremated body.

—Julian Rix, the landscape artist, has probably more strings to his bow than most men of his profession. He not only paints exquisitely in oils and water-colors, but he also works cleverly in black and white, and is a skilful etcher. This is all the more remarkable because, while he did not exactly "make hisself," as the old negro mammy said, he has from boyhood had to rely on his own resources. It was the same old conflict between the father's will and the son's genius, and the lad's ambition won. Young Rix, whose boyhood had been spent in Vermont, drifted to San Francisco, where he painted houses and signs, and did fine interior decorations, till he had earned enough to strike out in his chosen direction. His progress was rapid, and now, although he is yet a young man, his pictures are seen at the best exhibitions, and there is that demand for his work which comes to a successful artist.

## THE WAR IN CHILI.

THE necessity for a more ample protection of American rights in Chili during the present period of bloody revolution in that country influenced our Navy Department recently to order the new cruiser *San Francisco* to proceed to those waters. She will be Admiral Brown's flag-ship, and probably will be joined in a short time by the *Charleston*, another of the fine steel cruisers. It is to American commerce specially, rather than to the individual rights of the very small number of our citizens residing in Chili, that this substantial protection is necessary; and besides this, the efficient maritime showing made there at the moment by the different European powers renders it important for the United States to have a naval representation at hand capable of maintaining her position in the event of possible complications.

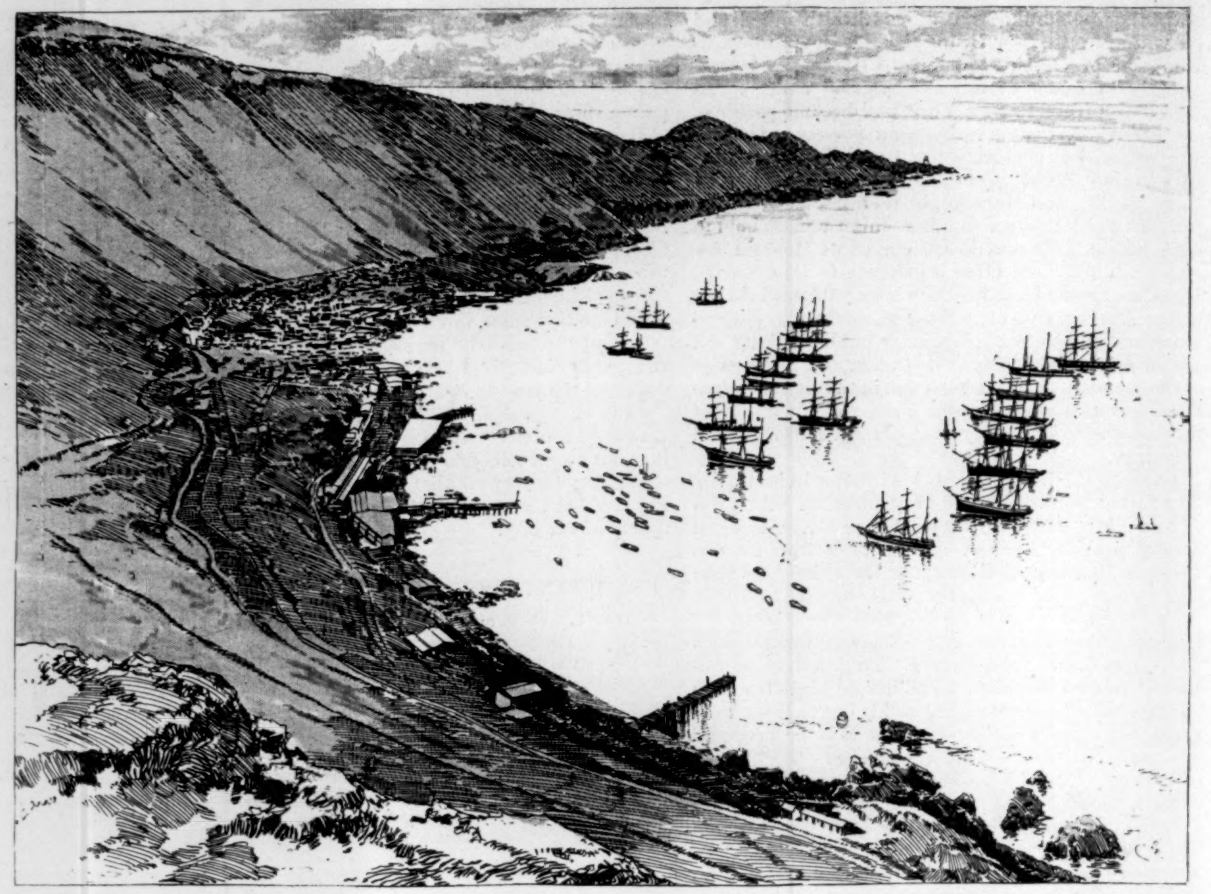
In the present revolution a good part of the navy has been on the side of the insurgents; and while they have been attacking the vast and poorly defended coast, the army, which has been more in sympathy with the government, have combated them from the land. The Chilian is brave and reckless and enduring as a warrior, and hence this internal struggle has been both fierce and obstinate, and it would seem that the end has not yet been reached.

Pisagua, one of the centres of the conflict, affords a fair example of the average Chilian port town. Lying at the foot of a steep range of hills, it presents a semicircular front to the sea, the waves washing up to the foundations of the houses. The port is a somewhat difficult one to make, but war vessels would doubtless have little difficulty in destroying, with a few shells, the whole collection of wooden shanties which go to make up the town.

President Balmaceda, who is directly responsible for the deplorable state of affairs existing in Chili at present, was regarded in the early part of his administration as rather a model President. Last year saw a complete change in his attitude, however; the relations between Congress and himself became more and more strained; his dictatorial spirit began to manifest itself in his every action; and finally, in the exercise of his right to nominate a successor, he put the last straw on Chilian forbearance by his determined attempt to foist on the people one San Fuentes, a henchman of his, and a universally unpopular man.

The programme of the insurgents in the present revolution was the overthrow of the government forces, the ejection of Balmaceda from the Presidency, and then the holding of new elections. They have not been able thus far to carry this out. Balmaceda refuses to resign, and his desperate use and abuse of power, together with the fierce and determined fighting of the insurgents, is producing direly troublous results, from which Chili will not recover ere a very long time.

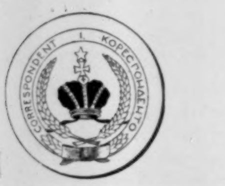
W. V. KREMER.



VIEW OF PISAGUA, CHILI, WHERE THE CIVIL WAR IS GOING ON.—DRAWN BY CHARLES GRAHAM FROM PHOTOGRAPH.

## THE EUROPEAN POWDER-MINE.

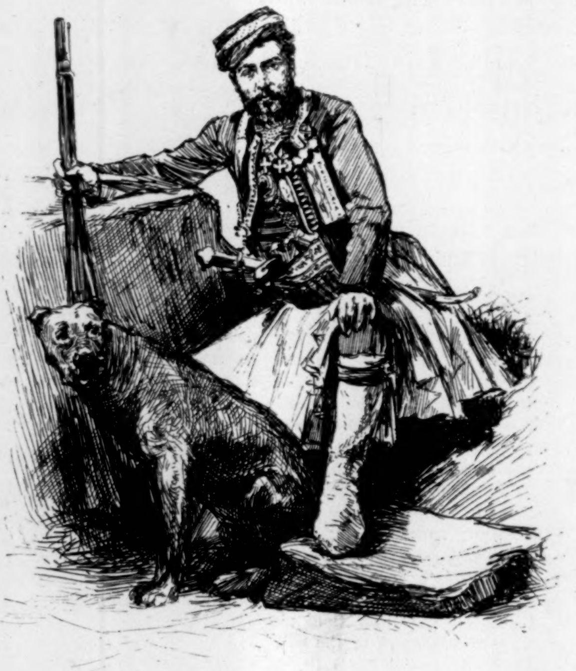
BY STEPHEN BONSAL.



THE WAR CORRESPONDENT'S BADGE.

THE bullet of the midnight assassin that missed its billet in the person of Prime Minister Stambouloff last week in Sofia came very near igniting the powder-mine of southeastern Europe, and precipitating that war which, in the drastic language of Prince Bismarck, will *saigner à blanc* the nations that it involves. It is well within the province of practical politics to conjecture as to the effect that the sudden removal of M. Stambouloff from the scene of his strange and strenuous career would have upon the peace of Europe; and how very far from being remote this possibility is, the incident of last week in the Bulgarian capital, and the assassination by mistake of Minister Beltcheff as he walked by the Premier's side, but too clearly shows. It is a difficult problem, and one that keeps the statesmen of southeastern Europe awake o'er nights.

What the action of the Tsar would be in case of the removal of his sturdy enemy from the scene is the unknown quantity in the political game. When we recall, however, that one hundred thousand Russian soldiers are sleeping in the black Bulgarian land between the Danube and the Maritza, that every man, woman, and child in the principality has cost the Russian government a thousand roubles, that nations do not fight in this century for a sentiment, and that the inevitable occupation of Stamboul by the Russians is wellnigh impossible should the little principality on their flank be in the hands of any but devoted Russophiles, it seems safe to say that the action of the Tsar's government is likely to be vigorous; in fact, result in invasion.



MAJOR CONSTANTINE PANITZA, AS COMMANDER OF THE MACEDONIAN IRREGULARS.

Bulgarian officers might be found to lead their troops against the Russians, but not a single soldier would follow the standards. I do not make this sweeping statement merely as the result of my own observations in Bulgaria. I have it from the most Russophobe officers in the army that while the troops would fight and give a good account of themselves against the Austrians or the Servians, not a single druschina could be relied upon to meet the Russians. The memory of the Tsar Liberator still lives in every Bulgarian hamlet, and the gratitude for the emancipation has survived the somewhat unskilful diplomacy of M. de Giers during the last decade.

The attitude of Austria to the Bulgarian question is more clearly defined. Stambouloff encourages his anti-Russian adherents by saying, whenever he makes a speech, that Austria, Italy, and England by secret treaty have entered into a compact to maintain the integrity of the principality. Certainly it is very near to the heart of every Austrian, and above all to every Hungarian, that Stambouloff, with his anti-Russian policy, should remain in power. The statesmen of the Ballhaus Platz in Vienna rarely make speeches; but when they do, they never fail to assert that Austria has long since abandoned the traditional *Drang nach Osten* (march to the East) of the Hapsburg dynasty; that Austria does not covet Salonica and the Albanian-Macedonian sea strip of land lying between this port and the Herzegovina. They claim also that Austria's interest in Bulgaria is purely Platonic; but these statements have never been very successful in carrying conviction, especially in the Balkans, where conviction was most desired.

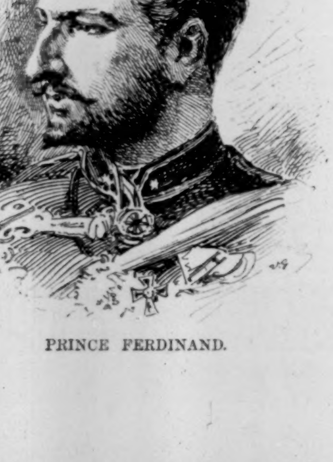
Last summer, when the scare of the Panitza conspiracy was fresh in every mind, Count Kalnoky, the Foreign Minister of the dual monarchy, showed his hand. Speaking to the joint delegations from the Austrian and the Hungarian Parliaments, he said, "If a single Russian soldier invades Bulgaria, Austria will consider it a *casus belli*."

Stambouloff dead, Prince Ferdinand would have to leave Bulgaria with very little baggage; the Grand Sobrania would choose Waldemar, of Denmark, Prince of Bulgaria (the Tsar having officially withdrawn his objections to the candidacy of his brother-in-law since the death of Dadian, of Mingrelia); and Austria would have to fight, or once for all give up its ambitious dreams of becoming a rival power to Russia in the Slavic world.

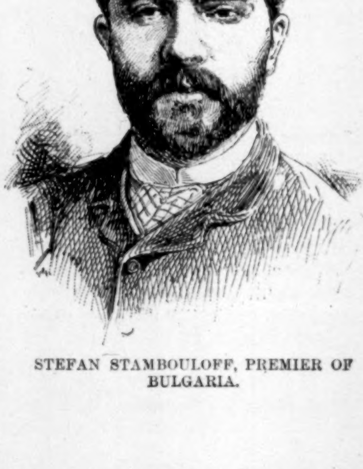
Stefan Nicolof Stambouloff, who since 1884 has shaped, more than any other man, the destinies of the turbulent Balkan peninsula, claims to be a fatalist. In his heart he must confess that he has been greatly favored by the Fateful Three. Since his seventeenth year, when he ran away from a theological seminary in Odessa, where he was being educated for the priesthood, he has been the hero of plots and of counterplots, of daring adventures and of hair-breadth escapes, until now, as he looks about him, scarcely entering upon his thirty-eighth year, there does not remain a single comrade of the patriot band who, with Luban Karaveloff to lead, and with M. Katkoff and the Moscow Panslavists to supply the sinews of revolutionary warfare, commenced, in 1870, the crusade against the Crescent, which led to the atrocities committed by the Pomak highlanders, the Russo-Turkish war, and the emancipation of Christian Bulgaria from the mastery of the Ottoman Turk. Some of Stambouloff's comrades died as Bulgarian volunteers in the war. Some, sad to relate, have been sent into exile with the sign-manual of their quondam friend and comrade, Stambouloff, upon the warrant of their banishment. Some have been broken in heart and spirit by the bastinado—such as Petko Karaveloff—administered by Stambouloff's order; some by long imprisonment in the Black Mosque, like Peter Stanchoff. Others have been shot for treason, as Kosta Panitza, though in his breast there lodged already a score of bullets won in fighting for the father-land.

Of all the band Stambouloff alone survives, with a smile upon his face that would seem to indicate a quiet conscience, an ambition

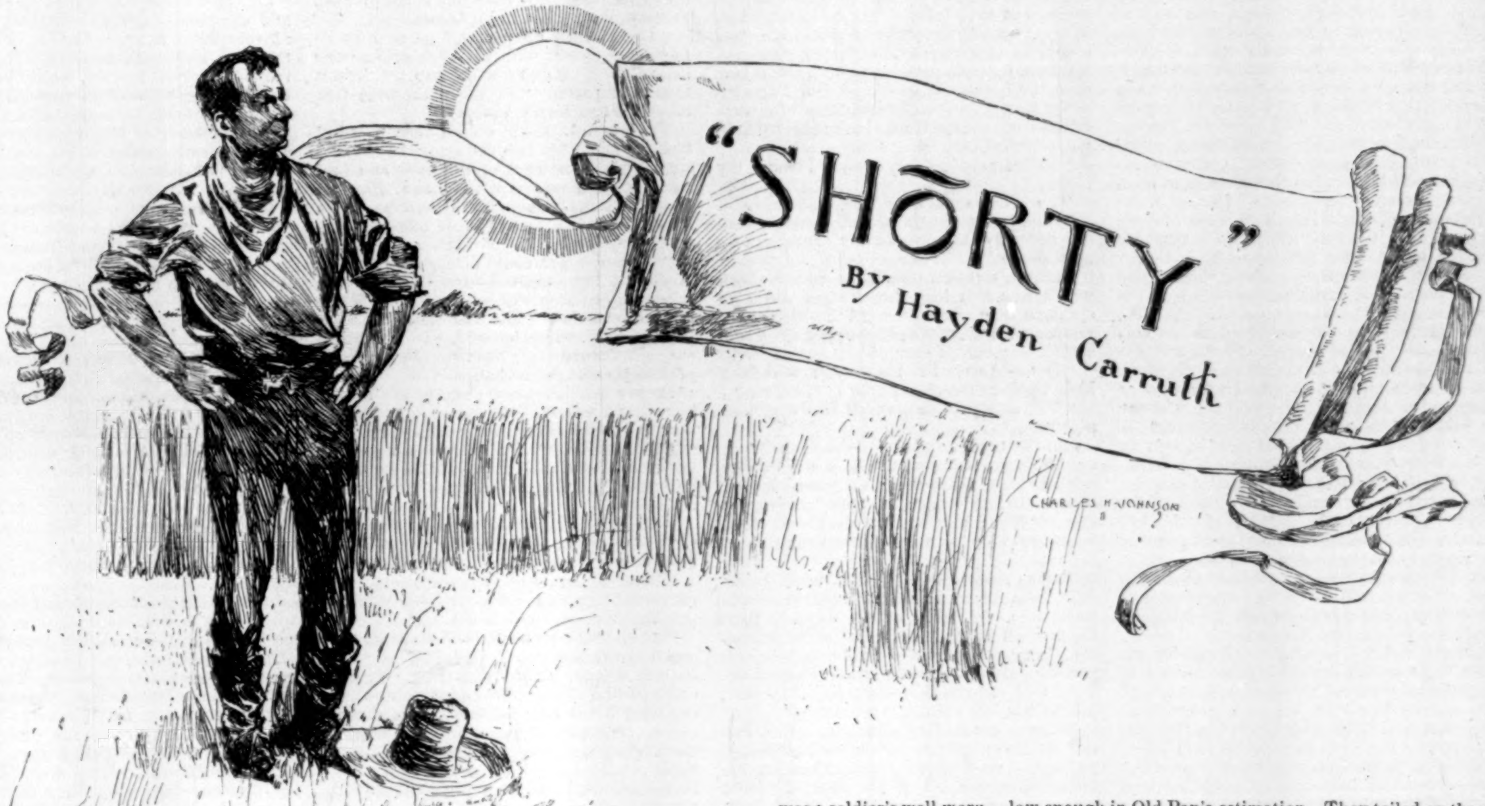
(*Continued on page* 262.)



PRINCE FERDINAND.



STEFAN STAMBOULOFF, PREMIER OF BULGARIA.



# "SHORTY"

### By Hayden Carruth

IT was twenty years ago, and Minnesota was, in the glowing words of the St. Paul editorial writer, "the wheat garden of the world." It might also be added that it was the "sportsman's paradise," and that it possessed the "most healthful climate on God's footstool"; but this is not to the purpose. Wheat was the beginning and the end of the State. Nothing was known but wheat; eight men out of ten grew wheat; one of the others bought wheat and shipped wheat, and the last got his living out of wheat in some way. Whether the soil would produce anything but wheat, nobody knew or cared. It did produce wheat, and wheat brought a good price, and why should the farmer care for anything beyond wheat? The last of the rolling, billowy prairie, with its gay summer procession of flowers, from the pasque-flower beside the snow bank in the spring to the waving wild sunflower defying the first snow storm in the fall, and including the violet, the rose, the lily, the golden-rod—the last of the great prairie, with its long grass and hazel-nut bushes, had been "broken" up, and the rich soil lay all before the farmer. He had only to scatter the seed wheat on the dark, dismal fields in April, and in May they were of a delicate fragile green, which grew into a rich dark green in June, and into a richer golden in July, and brought at the beginning of August acres upon acres of waving grain almost white, almost as tall as a man, with the heads bending under the weight of the precious kernels within, and which, when harvested, would produce twenty-five or thirty, sometimes forty, bushels to the acre. The lazy, dreamy prairie with its flowers was gone—only the roses lingered in the wheat—but in its place was something of more practical use to the settlers who had flocked into the new Northwest.

And to harvest the wheat there came every summer a vast army of men—an army as heterogeneous as any ever gathered together under the sun. Perhaps the small farmer or farmer's son from Wisconsin or Iowa or Illinois was the most numerous type. There were, too, great numbers of Mississippi River men—steam-boat men and raftsmen—usually unlovable specimens of humanity, who carried bowie-knives in their pockets and affected brass knuckles after dark; mechanics and others from the towns and cities, attracted by the high wages paid for the few weeks of harvest; college students, teachers, and even young lawyers and other professional men, brought out by the same reason; many who approached or actually belonged to the vagrant class, and who never worked at any other season at anything, as well as a good sprinkling of thieves and gamblers, who did not even work at that season except at their professions, which, though sometimes arduous, do so little to uphold the true dignity of labor. It was not a refined crowd. Even the individual members who might possess refinement usually laid it carefully aside till after harvest. It was a sociable crowd, however, and the college graduate taught the raftsman a degree of precision and elegance in his profanity which he would never have achieved himself. And in return the man of logs gave to the man of books a picturesqueness in the oaths of his native tongue which the educated mind of the latter could never have evolved. No eccentric individual ever arose and advanced the novel proposition that profanity and whiskey were not essential to the continued supremacy of the human race on the planet. Half of the men had been in the army in the recent war, and while it may have cultivated that dearest virtue of a free people, patriotism, it had also given most of them a proficiency in the use of chewing tobacco and of playing-cards which they would never have obtained elsewhere.

This great horde descended upon the State chiefly from the Mississippi River steam-boats. One day in 1869 the *War Eagle* landed three hundred men at one town—Lake City. On another day the next year—on the 20th of July, 1870, to be exact—the *Belle of Keokuk* brought two hundred. As they filed down the gang-plank, and waded through the sand on the levee, there was among them a boyish-looking young man, short of stature and red of hair, with an honest face and a quick, impulsive air. He carried an ancient and battered carpet sack in one hand, and under his other arm was a soldier's well-worn blue overcoat. As he stepped on the long windrow of bark and drift-wood which showed the spring high-water mark, he was greeted effusively by a man probably fifty years old, who had a fiery red nose, a watery eye, and an unsteady hand. It was "Old Pap" Harkins, the town drunkard. Old Pap addressed the younger man as "Shorty," and seemed to be well acquainted with him—as indeed he was, the younger man having been there in the harvest the year before.

"I was expectin' you, Shorty," said the old man as he shook his hand; "an' I've got a job all ready an' waitin' fer you. An' that ain't all; but, first, Shorty, we will drink—we will imbibe."

Shorty expressed his willingness to drink, to imbibe; and after some difficulty they found a liquor saloon which was not so crowded with men that they could not reach the bar, and proceeded to carry the idea into execution. When they had finished, and Shorty had paid—for the old man, after one or two weak and abortive attempts at searching his pockets, mumbled something about being "short"—Old Pap explained that the "job" was out at Jim Baldwin's place on Lone Mound Prairie, and that he (Old Pap) was going to work there too. Shorty expressed his pleasure at this, and thanked the old man for his kindness.

"An' another thing, Shorty, you'll be tickled to know," went on Old Pap; "my daughter Em'line is a-boardin' there. She's a-teachin' the school in that distric', an' a-boardin' at old Jim Baldwin's. You never seen her, but you'll like her. You'll fall in love with that air girl, though that won't do you much good, 'cause I reckon Hank Perkins—dep'ty sheriff, you remember—is ahead of you. But you'll like Em'line; she's got her mother's temper, but she's got my brains."

Shorty assured the old man, awkwardly but honestly, that there could be no question as to her ability if she had her father's brains, but that personally he "didn't go in much on the women," and that he cared not for the progress that Hank Perkins had made in Emeline's affections. The old man proposed another drink, and made another feint at his pockets, after which Shorty announced his intention of walking out to the place where the work awaited them. To this Old Pap objected with great vigor, his idea being that Jim Baldwin would be in town in a day or two, and take them out in his wagon.

"Of course," said Shorty, "you know what's best about everything better'n me; but I guess I'll walk along out that way. Might somebody else get the job, or something."

The old man was visibly moved. He had planned a long, delicious season of inebriation on Shorty's money. But his eloquence had no effect on the young man, who at last, while still admitting with evident sincerity that his companion was right, swung his carpet sack over his shoulder on the end of a stick and started. He had gone but a few steps when the old man called to him, and said that he would accompany him. So together they went out of the town, and up the long ravine leading to the prairie country beyond, Shorty resisting the old man's appeal for a final drink, while readily admitting its great desirability.

It was six miles to Baldwin's farm, mostly up hill, and the light and buoyant step of the young man was in striking contrast to the heavy and uncertain tread of the other. The road wound around through what in the Southwest would be called a cañon. The rocks rose in some places to a great height close to the road, and on top of the bluffs, which were level with the prairie, the trees could be seen waving in the summer wind, unfelt below. The sun was hot, and the stunted five-petaled wild roses by the side of the road looked dusty and disheartened, though the delicate blue harebells hung over the driest banks, and nodded in the faintest breath of air, and seemed to enjoy the heat and dust. Shorty picked a rose and put it in his straw hat, greatly to the disgust of Old Pap. Indeed, the vegetable kingdom did not move the old man, though he did notice some mint by the end of a little bridge, and remarked that he had met it in juleps. Nor did he enjoy the scenery; at one time, with a kingly sweep of his hand, which included a giant bluff, a hundred acres of timber, and a sparkling stream, he announced that he would give it all for one drink of whiskey. Since no part of it was his, it will be seen that he was not the prodigal he seemed. Shorty took many sly glances at the scenery, but prudently kept his admiration of it to himself, knowing that, since the rose incident, he was already low enough in Old Pap's estimation. They toiled on through the dust, cursed as never dust was cursed before by the old man, till about four o'clock, when they arrived at their destination. After some little conversation with Baldwin, Old Pap proposed introducing Shorty to his daughter. To this Shorty objected, preferring to help Baldwin at getting the reaper ready for work; but the other insisted, and finally dragged him to the front porch, where his daughter, who had just returned from her school, was sitting.

"Em'line," said Old Pap, "le' me present my friend Shorty."

"Pa," answered Emeline, impatiently, "can't you tell me if it is the gentleman's first name or last name?"

"I'll be— That is, I dun'no'," replied Old Pap, feebly, beginning an irrelevant search of his pockets, as if in the desperate hope of dragging out his friend's family record.

Shorty stood for once with his face redder than his hair. "You see," he stammered, addressing himself first to Old Pap, and getting no attention, and then to a large Lombardy poplar-tree which stood near—"you see, it ain't really my name at all, but it's what my friends call me 'cause I'm short. I've got a name reg'lar like other folks, which I could tell if anybody wanted to know it ever; but it ain't no importance partic'larly, an' I'm more used to Shorty, if it's all the same to you."

The Lombardy poplar made no reply, but Emeline said that she was "happy to meet him," and Shorty sat down on the low porch and dug his heels into the ground.

"You see, Em'line, that Shorty—Shorty 'n' me," began Old Pap—"Shorty 'n' me is—"

"Don't make a fool of yourself, now, pa," said his daughter.

"Wasn't goin' to," answered Old Pap; but he subsided in a chair, only muttering something about her "bein' like her mother," with some unintelligible rumblings, which included the word "brains" and a smothered oath, after which he dropped off to sleep, and snored aggressively.

Emeline was a tall and stately girl of some eighteen years. Her cheeks were red and she was handsome, though she did not show any remarkable evidence of refinement of feeling or depth of intelligence. She had the air of considering herself ill used by the world in general, and by her father in particular; and no doubt in her father's case she was right enough, though she might have kept the fact more to herself. She was clearly selfish. With Old Pap dreaming of a land where a Mississippi of whiskey ever rolled onward through a valley of mint toward a billowy sea of Jamaica rum, with Gulf Streams of limpid Holland gin, the conversation lagged. Shorty kept his attention chiefly on the Lombardy, though a disinterested spectator would have observed that he occasionally stole an admiring glance at the stately beauty in the rocking-chair. Among other brilliant strokes of conversational genius, Shorty asked the Lombardy how it liked teaching school. No reply coming from that quarter, the lady answered that she didn't like it.

"I don't like children," she added; "they make me nervous. Do you like them, Mr. Shorty?" she asked.

"Oh — er — no; of course not — they — they — well, they make *me* nervous, too," answered Shorty, thereby telling a lie which even the Lombardy should have been able to detect, for he delighted in children, and they in him.

Further conversation revealed the fact that the lady found the neighborhood dull, and the people uninteresting, and that she preferred life in the town. She would not, she explained, have been teaching at all, had it not been for the evident and unfortunate failing of her father. At this Shorty ventured the suggestion that the "old man meant well"; but Emeline only tossed her head, and remarked that that made it no easier for her. At this point Old Pap, reaching with an immense ladle to dip up a monster drink from the Mississippi of his dreams, pitched forward in his chair and awoke, and five-o'clock supper being announced, they all went into the house.

The next morning the harvest began. It was before the day of "self-binders," and the wheat was cut with a reaper, which swept off enough grain every few yards for a sheaf, and left it on the ground. This was bound up by the men following on foot with bands made of the straw itself. One man could bind about a fifth of the distance around the field while the reaper was making the circuit once. Accordingly the distance was divided into five equal parts, called "stations," and one man was assigned to each station. To be caught by the reaper before his station was "bound out" was the highest disgrace; Shorty would have died first. The rest of the "crew" consisted of a big Scotchman, six feet four inches tall, named Malcolm; a young man named Stewart, recently graduated from Bowdoin College, who was so densely ignorant at first that he could not "make a band," who had drifted West in the search of adventure, and was getting it; a well-educated Pole who revealed no name beyond that of John, who came of a good Warsaw family, and had lived in Vienna, Berlin, and Paris, and who had been exiled for political reasons, and who, though his English was limited, sat in the shade at noon and read a well-worn copy of Homer in the original; and a light-haired, blue-eyed Swede named Carl Carlson, who was saving his money to send for his father and mother and his six brothers and seven sisters, who lived on a little farm near Avestad, in the old country. This made up the binders. As for Old Pap, he was hardly equal to this work, and attended to the "shocking"; that is, the standing up of the sheaves, fifteen or twenty in a place, "capped" with two or three other sheaves bent into proper shape to keep out the rain and sun. He was assisted by an open-mouthed boy known as "Mr. Thompson," who had a wild, untamed air, which convinced the beholder that he could only be approached on a swift horse. Baldwin himself drove the reaper, and drove it with great earnestness, and consequently it was remarkably hard work for the men to get their stations bound in time and keep out of his way. Work as they might, as they neared the end of the station the Jehu-like Baldwin would be close behind. Indeed, Baldwin had the reputation of making his men work harder than any other farmer in the neighborhood. Nor was he a man with any charity in his soul, so it is not surprising that Old Pap was ignominiously discharged on the third day for incompetency. There was trouble when he went away about his pay, and Baldwin, in high words, ordered him not to come near the place again. As he turned to go, the old man cast a revengeful look at Baldwin, and went down the road, muttering threats. He got work from a less exacting neighbor, and seldom paused, except when sleeping, in hurling imprecations at Baldwin.

Thus the harvest wore slowly away. For thirteen or fourteen hours, day after day, the men toiled around the fields through the thick stubble, with the hot mid-continent sun pouring down from a cloudless sky. There is no harder work known to the diabolical ingenuity of man. Stewart, the able Bowdoin alumnus, early succumbed to the heat, and was succeeded by a less cultivated but more robust workman. Finally the grain became so ripe and brittle that it could not be bound at all in the middle of the day, when it was driest, and the men rose at the first faint touch of light in the east and began work, and at night kept it up by the light of the full moon till ten or eleven o'clock. At last the harvest, or at least the grain-cutting, was finished. It was Saturday night, and the next day Shorty put on his best clothes and rested—something he had not been able to do on the two preceding Sundays, owing to the absolute necessity, in the judgment of Baldwin, of working at least seven days every week during harvest. But it was the hardest Sunday for poor Shorty, after all; for he met Emeline out in the yard, where she sat in a swing, and said some vastly important things, in his own mind, to her; and not being accustomed to it, and not getting the replies he wished, it was much harder for him than binding his station would have been. He told her (he was extremely awkward about it) of his little Wisconsin farm in Trempealeau County, and of the house on it (it was all very foolish in Shorty, of course), and how he had made a little home there, but lacked one very important thing—very foolish, certainly, in poor Shorty, but men are so apt to be foolish in this way. Emeline did not laugh at him—she saw nothing to laugh at; it seemed the most natural thing in the world that he should fall in love with her, and she only wondered why the others had not done so too. But she told him, in a calm tone, that it could not be. The look of sadness deepened on the honest, sunburned face of Shorty as he gazed pleadingly into the eyes of the girl before him and saw no hope. Then he looked away at the distant horizon as if half in a dream, and murmured something about "takin' good care of her," and then added that he s'posed she was right, and that she knew best, and that it was something he knew nothing about; and then he apologized, awkwardly but sincerely, for what he had done, and walked away mechanically to the barn, where he climbed up in the mow and lay very still on the hay, with his arms folded over his eyes, till the stars came out, and he could hear a whip-poor-will among the oaks around Lone Mound.

The next morning the piling up of the grain in great stacks was actively begun. Shorty did his share of the work, and did it well, as usual. He saw Emeline every day, but, though he spoke to her, half cheerfully, half sorrowfully, he did not stop to talk any length of time. On Friday her school closed for the term. Perkins, the man that Old Pap had mentioned, drove out from town, intending to take her back to her home in the evening. That afternoon the machine which was to thrash out Baldwin's grain came to his place, with its eighteen or twenty men and dozen teams of horses. There was one "setting" of half a dozen stacks of wheat just back of the barn, and here the thrashing machine was first placed. Toward night it was started, and it ran two or three hours, pouring out a reddish golden stream—the precious kernels which had been toiled for since early spring. When it grew too dark to work, the men stopped and went into the house for supper. Baldwin himself lingered behind the others near the barn. As he did so, Old Pap suddenly staggered out of the shadow of a corn-crib and approached him. He had been drinking, as usual.

"Jim Baldwin," he said, "I want my money."

"I don't owe you none," growled Baldwin.

"You lie," cried the old man, with a sudden fierceness born of the liquor; "you owe me a dollar."

Baldwin struck him a blow on the cheek which knocked him down. The old man sprang up and started toward the other; then realizing his weakness, he stepped back and said:

"D—— you! I'll make you wish you hadn't a-done that."

"Yes, no doubt," answered Baldwin, with a sneer.

Old Pap turned and went toward the road, and Baldwin entered the house. Twenty minutes later, as the men were finishing their supper, there was a cry of "fire" from some one outside. The men rushed out. The wheat stacks were blazing about the thrashing machine. Even that was on fire. They ran to the place, headed by Baldwin. In the light from the blazing straw a man was seen hurrying away. The others began to fight the fire, but Baldwin rushed after the retreating figure. He soon overtook it. It was Old Pap. He turned when Baldwin came up.

"I told you you'd be sorry fer it," he said; but he was beginning to tremble.

Baldwin reached to seize him. Old Pap raised a heavy riveting hammer which he had got at the machine, and struck him on the head. Baldwin fell at his feet. The old man dropped the hammer, and stood trembling above his fallen foe, with the tears of weakness, if not of remorse, running down his cheeks. Malcolm and another man came up and seized hold of him.

"He won't die, will he?" asked Old Pap, in a whining tone.

Malcolm examined him. "He's dead now," replied the raftsman. "Come on with us."

They led the old man to near the barn. At that moment Perkins and Emeline drove into the yard in his carriage.

"Here," said Malcolm to Perkins; "you're an officer. Better take care of him."

Perkins jumped out of the carriage, and nervously took Old Pap by the arm. Emeline came up, and inquired what her father had done. Malcolm briefly explained. She wrung her hands, and half the selfishness vanished from her face.

"Be gentle with him, Henry," she said to Perkins.

"Yes, Emma," he answered.

"Better lock him in the granary," said Malcolm, "and help us bring in what's left of Baldwin."

Perkins followed the suggestion, and they carried the body into the house, while Emeline stood beneath a giant willow-tree near the well, with the fierce red light of the flames on her pale face.

Under the direction of Maxwell, the man who owned the thrashing machine, the men worked hard for half an hour to save it, but they failed. Thirty or forty men from neighboring farms came and worked with the others. At last the flames began to die down, and the sparks no longer rose up through the still air like a great pillar of fire.

Maxwell was half crazed over the loss of his machine—a new one which seemed worth a fortune to him.

The men were all excited. "He's a murderer," said some one in the crowd, in a low but firm voice. "He ought to have what's good for murderers."

"He will, too," said Maxwell, with his teeth set. "We'll lynch him right here, if we're men."

A man produced a rope which he had been holding coiled up behind him for five minutes, and tossed it carelessly before Maxwell. It was seen that it was already provided with a hangman's noose.

"We must stand together," said Maxwell.

They turned toward the granary. Perkins stood a few yards in front of it with a revolver in his hand. Shorty had been in the crowd fighting the fire, but he was not with it now.

"We want that man in the granary," said Maxwell.

There was a sharp, shrill cry, and Emeline, with all of the selfishness gone out of her face, rushed wildly forward and pushed Maxwell back. Two men, neighbors, took her by the arms, and with an effort, but as gently as possible, forced her back, but could get her no further than the willow-tree, under which the shadows were now playing hide-and-seek as the fire flashed up and died away.

"D'ye hear? We want him," said Maxwell.

"You can't have him," answered Perkins.

"Then we'll have you," said Maxwell, with an oath, as he drew a pistol and pointed it at the deputy. He walked forward, with the others at his back. Perkins did not raise his weapon. Maxwell pressed his pistol almost in his face. "Give us that key, or I'll shoot," he said.

Perkins reached in his pocket with his other hand, drew out the key, threw it at Maxwell's feet, and turned away, with his face white and his limbs trembling. Maxwell stooped to pick up the key. At that instant Shorty stepped from the black shadow of the granary, with a gun in his hands.

"Don't come no nearer," he said, as he faced the crowd, with his back against the locked door. He cocked the gun, and held it toward the men. "I'll shoot the man that takes the first forward step."

The fire-light shone on his face, pale but firm. For fully two minutes he looked straight into the eyes of the men, and said nothing. No one moved. Even Emeline ceased to struggle beneath the willow. Then he said, with a little of his old reflective, depreciatory air, but still firmly:

"Of course you could fix me after that—I 'ain't got but one load—but the man that takes the *first* step will be shot an' killed. I know how to do it." He waited fully another two minutes, when he said, with almost a smile, "Course there ain't no objections to your steppin' back'ards much as you want to."

There was a pause, then Carlson, the Swede, turned and walked back to the smouldering fire; two men followed him; then half a dozen; then a dozen; then there was a general backward movement. Even Malcolm went, but with bad grace. Maxwell alone stood his ground.

"You'd better go too," said Shorty.

"D—— the cowards!" said Maxwell, and he turned and went over to the others.

"Perkins," said Shorty, "load the old man in your buggy, an' drive to Lake City an' put him in the jail quick as you can."

Perkins came forward, picked up the key, and opened the door. Old Pap crouched in one corner, stupid with fear. Perkins dragged him out, almost carried him to the carriage, lifted him in, and drove rapidly away. The men slunk out of sight, most of them glad that they were so well out of what would have been a bad job. The flames had died away, leaving great glowing mounds where each stack stood, red, but with a net-work of black, like lace, gathering over them. They still made it fairly light. Emeline came forward to where Shorty stood. There were tears in her eyes. She put out her hand to him, and as Shorty took it, his own hand trembled.

"Shorty," she said, "you know I thank you very, very much."

"Don't talk about it," he replied; "don't say anything about it." He paused, and looked in her face. Then he said, "I s'pose you don't feel any different about what I was talkin' 'bout?"

"Oh, Shorty!" she answered, as the tears came to her eyes afresh, "I—I could never love you. I wish I could."

He leaned over and kissed her on the forehead. Then he released her hand and said: "I didn't much s'pose you did, but I thought I'd speak about it. I hoped you did, that was all. I must go away from here. Prob'bly it's all fer the best; 'most ev'rything is. Least, that's my experience. You are right; don't mind me. Good-night, Em'line; good-by!"

He turned and walked down the shaded lane, with his eyes full of tears. He went up the road to the west and away into the darkness, and never came back to Lone Mound Prairie.

And no one at Lone Mound ever knew what really became of Shorty. But gradually there grew up various myths and legends about him. It was discovered that he never went back to his farm in Trempealeau, and his friends and few relatives there knew no more about his fate than did the gossips of Lone Mound. Uncle Hiram Hanks, oldest inhabitant, local historian, and privileged liar, always held that he went to Denver, took to drink, and finally died a wreck; but Uncle Hiram had nothing to base this on except his imagination. Still, this was a favorite theory with the pessimists; while the optimists clung to the idea of the local paper at Lake City, which held that he drifted to Dakota, went into politics, and finally entered the Legislature, and made a great speech on admission and division, and denounced the government at Washington in good set terms; but there was no proof of this either. Others held that he went down the river on a lumber raft, and the next winter went into the pineries on the upper Chippewa; and while he was there, a fellow-chopper fell sick of the small-pox, and Shorty went into a log cabin a mile from the camp, and nursed him alone; and the man lived, and went after medicine for Shorty, who had taken the disease; and when the man got back, the great pines were singing a requiem up above the cabin, for Shorty had died alone, and the snow had sifted in and blown across the bed. But there was only slightly more proof of this than of the other theories, so to this day the only certain thing about him is, as I said before, that he went away up the road in the darkness, and never came back to Lone Mound.

## THE EUROPEAN POWDER-MINE.

(*Continued from page 260.*)

that is wellnigh satisfied, and a magnificent confidence in his star which cannot fail to impress. He has a constitution of iron, and considerable physical strength, the happy heritage of the years of hardship and exposure he spent with the shepherds in the bleak fastnesses of the Balkans after every unsuccessful revolution, with the Turkish zaptiehs on his heels, and with but a sheepskin between him and the weather—his clothing by day, and his couch by night.

On reaching Sofia last June, I found the "City of Wisdom," as usual, the head centre and the source of canards which amuse or affright the world, and depress or exhilarate the stock and grain markets. The heat was intolerable, about 110° Fahrenheit in the shade, but the atmosphere of the political world was still more torrid. Stransky and Salabashoff had resigned from the ministry rather than sign the death warrant of Panitza; but Stambouloff had prevailed with the prince, and the hero of the Servian war was shot, tethered to a tree, like a traitor, on the windy plain without the city. Prince Ferdinand had gone to Carlsbad, Stambouloff was known vaguely to be somewhere on the shores of the Black Sea, the remaining ministers were recruiting at the various thermal springs scattered through the Balkans, and Bulgaria was ruling itself.

The town was thronged with the correspondents of world newspapers, and a confusion of tongues reigned in the cafés. The ex-ministers—and their name is legion—worked through the early morning at the great Bulgarian dictionary, which is the only means of livelihood here for politicians out of power, slept through the noonday heat, and in the evening assembled in the Café Panachoff to read the *Times* and *Le Temps* by means of pocket dictionaries, and concluded the evening with checkers and tricktrack, the while as uncommunicative as schools of fish. Army officers, looking very fresh and cool in their white duck uniforms, sat about in the public garden, sipping successively glasses of grenadine, slivovitz raki, and mostique, and telling in undertones how grandly Kosta Panitza had led the Macedonian "brigade of bandits" to the storming of Perot, which they captured at the point of the yataghan. In the cool of the evening the newspaper "specials" could be seen giving their Barb ponies gentle "breathers" on the plain beneath snow-crested Mount Witosh, preparing for the hour when the news that the world was awaiting would come, that Stambouloff was assassinated, that Ferdinand had abdicated, that the independence of the principality had been declared, or that the Russians were crossing the Danube—awaiting the great news that would send them out like a flight of hawks through the night on a mad race for the wire which encircles the world, and which could only be intrusted safely with a despatch at Perot, a hundred miles away, across the Servian frontier.

Every morning there came a surprise which sent the "special" to his stables, and every evening some bitter disappointment which sent him to bed or to the baccarat tables. Strange signs and symbols appeared on the political horizon, but the great event hung fire. The little stunted willow where Panitza had been shot began to play an important if objective rôle in politics. One morning it displayed a banner with a touching tribute to the worth of the patriot or traitor who had died bravely in its shadow. There followed on the next day another banner bearing a threat and a menace to the life of the prince. The official and diplomatic world was aghast to see waving from the willow this black ominous banner with the regicidal device, "*Tirani zai tooka ste luidi grabot na Fernanda*" (Tyrant! know here will be the grave of Ferdinand). Then it was decided to cut the tree down which bore such anti-dynastic fruit, but when the soldiers reached the plain with axes, the willow had disappeared.

The arrival of a Georgian prince and an ex-chamberlain of the Great White Tsar furnished an amusing interlude in the succession of more serious scares. With singularly tenacious filial piety, he had come, he claimed, to visit the tombs of his ancestors who were sleeping in a cairn near Sofia. Their resting-place had been neglected by his forefathers for more than a thousand years, but he had come to put their resting-place in some repair, and plant a few rose-bushes. But the Préfet of Police packed him off to the frontier, sandwiched between gendarmes, without as much as a short delay for breakfast.

News comes through strange channels in Bulgaria. As we slept in the hotel, proclamations with mourning bands would flutter in through the fan-lights in the most mysterious manner, and not rarely the "special" would find neatly tucked away in his boots without the door the prophecy of a coming pronunciamento. In opera, at least, the Barber of Seville is a remarkable gossip and agent of rumor; in real life his colleague of Sofia is an inveterate disseminator of news. He is at once the stumbling-block and the staff of the "special." His news is rarely "ready for the wire," but at the same time his information cannot be dispensed with. A sign in a dozen tongues in Mustapha's shop tells that a "silent shave," without conversation, costs but ten piastres; but the gossipy shave—which Mustapha advises—with a cigarette and *les au dessous* of the latest political move, what Mustapha hears from Yildis Kiosk, from Belgrade, Moscow, or the Minister-President, the creamy Turkish coffee, with which the canard is washed down, and the salaam with which the rather inhuman treatment of your chin is gracefully rounded off, costs thirty piastres, and is cheap at the price.

One day at midnight I left Sofia to cross the Balkans, and meet M. Stambouloff in the vague somewhere in which, according to the Foreign Office, he was awaiting the course of events, and especially the upshot of the interview between the Tsar and the German Emperor, which was soon to take place at Peterhof. I had purchased half a dozen scraggy and sorry-looking ponies, who, however, were reputed to climb mountains like goats, and procured a guide who knew the Balkans well.

By daybreak we reached the Balkans, and soon the celebrated Petrus *han*, or inn. Though I came with letters-patent from the Foreign Office, which Tryko displayed with great pride to everybody we met, and would naturally have been taken for a friend of Stambouloff's government, the sturdy proprietor of the *han* replied to my question as to what the sentiment of the people toward Russia really was as follows:

"Gospodine Amerikanitz (Mr. American), we have not forgotten our brave brothers who took away the heathen fez, and gave us the Christian kalpak to wear. When we pray, we pray for the soul of the Tsar Liberator. Gospodine Amerikanitz, we love and revere Russia." During my subsequent journeyings through Bulgaria, I never heard anything which made me change my belief that the voice of the sturdy little keeper of the Petrus *han* was the voice of the great silent majority of Bulgarians. As we trot along the road which, until we reach Klissourah, is the historic highway between Belgrade and Stamboul, I notice that the few huts that we see are generally a mile away from the road, and that the doors are so low that one must enter crawling on hands and knees. Tryko explains, with a grin of gratification, that this state of things is only a memory and a reminder of the unhappy past, that the hovels were hidden away as much as possible from sight of the road in order that the peasants might escape the requisition for *mouna*, or provisions, of the passing pasha, and that the doors were cut so low that the Effendi might not enter the houses and carry off whatever chanced to please his looting fancy.

On the evening of the first day we reach Klissourah, and Tryko dashes off after his sweetheart, brandishing his booty of pony hair in the air. The ostler of the *han*, after having conveyed in pantomime the information that I was at liberty to utilize his head as a footstool if it should so please me, greets the ponies with an effusive kiss, and inquires if they have been "good boys." The pony replies with an affirmative whinny, whereupon the delighted ostler grasps him firmly by the ears, and pulls with all his might, until the joints of the ears crack. This operation is popularly supposed in the Balkans to bring surcease to the pony's headache resulting from his pounding along the rough roads, and certainly he is very fond of it, and insists upon its being gone through with at every station.

That evening the notables of Klissourah assembled on the green beside the *han*. It was a holiday. The pretty but dull-looking girls danced the *hora*, a Grecian dance, which has, however, become acclimated throughout the Balkan countries. It is rather a rhythmic march, *à quatre temps*, than a dance. The arms of the dancers, who are drawn up in a single or double line, cross and rest around the neighbor's waist. Between the dances a minstrel who was popularly supposed to have lived several centuries, twanged away on the one-stringed monotonous *gusle* the epics of the country celebrative of the champions of Bulgarian liberty, from the days of Black Milosh down to the Battenberg prince who, as the epic ran in about the thousandth stanza, "stooped to tie the latchet of his Bulgarski brogans on the battle-field of Slivnitza, so little did he fear the Lerbskis."

In the course of the evening I was initiated by the village gossips into the mysteries of Tryko's love affair, which, as it reveals a novel custom which is never departed from in the Balkans, seems worthy to be told. He was in love with Raïka, a girl who was not pretty, but endowed with great capacity for work. She had made many journeys with gangs of working-people from Klissourah into Roumania, and was supposed to have amassed a *dot* amounting to nearly twenty pounds Turkish, which she had buried away in the ground. She loved Tryko, and what his sentiments were the barefaced robbery of my ponies' tails plainly revealed. Still, the ceremony could not come off, because Raïka had an elder sister who did not as yet have the right to wear a head-covering, which only comes to the Bulgarian girl with matrimony, and no well-brought-up girl would marry, her elder sister being still a spinster. I was presented to the elder sister, and was surprised to find her very beautiful; her hair was long and black as the raven's wing; her eyes soft, melting, and altogether charming. I immediately advised Tryko not to delay the ceremony any longer, to conform to the customs of the country and marry the simply adorable elder sister. This he absolutely refused to do, saying that Magda was very idle, and had not accumulated a *dot*, but spent her time dancing and listening to the weird morbid music of the Tsiganes, as they played in the quarter of the village allotted to them. So Tryko is doubtless a bachelor still. Romantic love does not flourish in the Balkans, as I found later on.

The next day, diverging from the Belgrade road, we bear off to the east, along bridle-paths and sheep tracks, toward the Danube. The heat is terrific, and the sad fate of the Roumski traveller, who in these high mountain lands, with the rarified atmosphere and the intolerable heat, generally loses his front teeth, owing to the relaxing of the gums, haunts me. I remember very little of these last two days, except that we seemed to be swimming in boiling oil, and dreams of great tankards of rich brown Bavarian beer came to torture me. I awake from my unconsciousness of all that is passing, save the physical suffering of the moment, to find that I am beating Tryko unmercifully—Tryko, whose hand but the night before I held in sympathy with his sad lover's plight. I remember also recalling poor Bartellot's device of a spear-head on the end of a pole for jabbing the blackamoors with at Yambuya, and I remember thinking it a peculiarly ingenious and useful device, and that I would have one made for when next I cross the Balkans. But never mind; of one thing I am quite certain, that when next I cross these mountains it will be in winter. What is freezing to death in comparison to this roasting alive?.... I became rational on the evening of the second day, as the frantic ponies dash into the waters of the Danube, icy with the floods from the Tyrolean and Styrian Alps, and after a swim I make my apologies to Tryko, who is not rancorous, but carefully taps my teeth, and thinks they will not fall out, though very loose.

I spent a week in daily intercourse with the Bulgarian Premier in the little town of Sistova on the Lower Danube. He was stopping at a country-seat on a high bluff overlooking the river and the town below. A battalion at least of infantry camped upon the lawn, and watched vigilantly over his safety by day and by night. On the table of his study were quite as many pistols as pens, and close to his hand hung a repeating rifle—amusing indices of the rudimentary stage of political life in the principality.

One hesitates to pen the portrait of the man whose sonorous name means so much in Europe, which sounds so meaningless in America. He is below the middle stature of man, and the general impression of his shortness is heightened by his depth of chest and breadth of shoulder, which are both phenomenal even for this country of heavy and coarsely built men. His eye is black and very brilliant, and illumines his whole face. When closed or down-turned, his features are hard, drawn, and repellent. When he smiles, however, his expression is genial and almost boyish. He is without education, his three years in a theological seminary being his only schooling; but after five minutes' conversation you are impressed with the original bent of his mind, and his clear, fresh way of viewing men and things. He has backbone and mother-wit, and easily disposes in debate of his antagonists, graduates of German gymnasia and French lycées though they be.

I spent many pleasant mornings in conversation with the Prime Minister, and in the evening we would generally row out upon the Danube, and swim down with the current a mile or two to Giurgevo, under the protection of twenty rifles in the police-boat, which followed closely in our wake. Stambouloff swims like a seal. It is his only exercise. In winter he, physically speaking, hibernates.

Stambouloff spoke to me on every subject pertaining to his policy and to his government with an open frankness that would have been engaging had I not known from my previous experiences in Bulgaria that he was an Oriental, and chooses to dissemble rather than express his thoughts by his words.

I can therefore only give my personal estimate of the man, as the frank communications upon Bulgarian affairs past and present which he made then, as he inferred, upon the virgin soil of my mind, I viewed at the time with distrust, and now, in the light of after-events, with considerable amusement. He admits, however, with brutal frankness, that he is ruling the country against the will of the somewhat lethargic majority, aided by an active but very small minority. He admits that every article of the Constitution has become a dead letter under his *régime*, and that he only maintains his seat in the saddle by suppressing the liberty of the press, proclaiming the right of public meeting, and "juggling" with the ballot-box in the "American style," as he remarks, with bland effrontery. But on the other hand, he claims that the Constitution of the country was bestowed upon the Bulgarians by the Tsar for the express purpose of sowing discord and political unrest in the country, until finally, like a ripe apple, the principality would fall into the lap of Mother Russia, and become incorporated into the empire of the Muscovite as a crown land. He knows that his government is a despotism in comparison with which Russia can claim to be a liberal monarchy. But he is inclined to think, with Leigh Hunt, that a despotism with an angel on the throne is not to be despised at times, and that it is just what Bulgaria requires at this moment. He has no illusions as to his being an angel. Like a half-educated boy, he advertises at every opportunity his free thought and very modern morality. But at the same time, I rather think he considers himself the nearest approach to an angelic being that the Bulgarian group of the human family is capable of producing just at present.

I was but little surprised to hear the semi-barbarian Stambouloff speak of the grandson of Louis Philippe, his sovereign, in the tone that a millionaire merchant might mention one of his young clerks who showed aptitude and diligence at his desk. He seems perfectly willing to throw Prince Ferdinand over should his own interests in the political game demand it. Such a thing as personal loyalty or chivalrous consideration is wholly foreign to his nature. In the mean time he notices, with evident satisfaction, that Prince Ferdinand is lavishing his fortune upon the country of his adoption.

He has no illusions as to the disinterestedness of Austrian and English friendship to his government, and is quite prepared to be left in the lurch by these powers, as they left Prince Alexander, or as he would desert them should the political situation indicate that such desertion was desirable. He claims to be perfectly fearless as to the future of the principality, and insists that Bulgaria has nothing to fear from the general war which has seemed imminent so many years. He claims, with his well-organized army and two hundred thousand Mannlicher rifles, to hold the balance of power in southeastern Europe, and so to be in a position to contemplate a war between his allies, Austria and England, and his enemies, Russia, Servia, Montenegro, and Greece, with perfect serenity. In his conversations with me he often praised democratic principles and republican institutions, but whether this was ensnaring flattery to the American, or the expression of his personal convictions, which the difficult situation of Bulgaria, at present surrounded by monarchies, prevents from coming to the surface in his political policy, I have no means of knowing.

As I left Sistova on the return journey to the capital with his friendly "Sbogum" (Go with God) ringing in my ear, I cannot say I carried with me a very exalted opinion of the statesman who is certainly the leading man on the Balkan Peninsula. My admiration for him was distinctly tempered with the contempt that a pugilist inspires who has always been successful, but not seldom stooped to a foul to gain the victory.

The seeker after truth in the Bulgarian capital is confronted at the very outset of his researches by the fact that while the men and women who play important parts in the political game are very few—say, at a generous estimate, half a hundred—they are divided into a dozen sets, of whom it is impossible to know more than one at one and the same time. Here you cannot avail yourself of the foreigner's pleasant prerogative in most European capitals of being on friendly terms with all parties at once. You, too, must be a partisan. If you bow to M. Radoslavoff in the Tergoska Street, you cannot shake hands with Petko Karaveloff when you meet him in the public gardens. If you salute Madame Panitza, you cannot take tea with Madame Karaveloff; and if you are suspected of having even the most incidental conversation with a Zankovist, your career at the palace is closed.

So the seeker after truth must dissemble, and after having proclaimed his loyalty, and learned the ins and outs of the palace politics, he should allow himself to be converted *seriatim* by the leaders of the hostile sets, until he finally reaches the camp of the Zankovist.

Then you had better leave Bulgaria, or the *Swododa* will denounce you as a Russian spy, *Sapagees*—political heelers who carry long sticks, hence the name—will come forward and swear that you have endeavored by means of the traditional ruble to shake their allegiance to the crown, and perhaps even the *Narodny Prava* will publish your portrait. But if you dissemble you will be rewarded with an invitation to the palace to breakfast with the prince, and have the Hessian lions glare at you from the silver service, a reminder and a legacy of the Prince Ferdinand's ill-starred predecessor.

The prince is prepossessing in appearance. The Bourbon nose, which has served to hang so many a caricature upon in the last few years, is neither abnormal in size nor unpleasing in its effect. His eyes are light blue—perhaps too light and vapid—but they are expressive of the great intelligence which is his. He stands six feet one in his cavalry boots, which he seems never to discard, and has the easy, graceful carriage of every Austrian cavalry officer I have ever met. And Prince Ferdinand served, I believe, in the crack regiment of the Radetzky Hussars before embarking upon his present hazardous adventure. He is proud of his success in remaining the *de facto* ruler of Bulgaria for three years, when the general opinion of Europe gave him but three months at most to come to the end of his tether. While he seems to prefer ornithology to political economy as a topic of conversation at the breakfast table, on every line of his face, which has decidedly more of the Bourbons than of the ducal Coburgs in it, is revealed the inborn desire to rule, which has been whetted rather than dampened by the ill-luck which has lately befallen his relatives engaged in the same *métier* both in Europe and Brazil. He lives in perfect isolation, for there is not a member of his court who could be accused of having a thought in common or a congenial taste with this descendant of a score of kings. There are only two foreigners in his household—M. de Bourbalon, a courtly Savoyard, and a member of a family that has served the prince's forefathers for generations; and Baron Slobner, a smart cavalry officer, who in his day "witched" Vienna with his horsemanship, and is now engaged in the rather thankless task of teaching the Bulgarian cavalry the Austrian seat in the saddle.

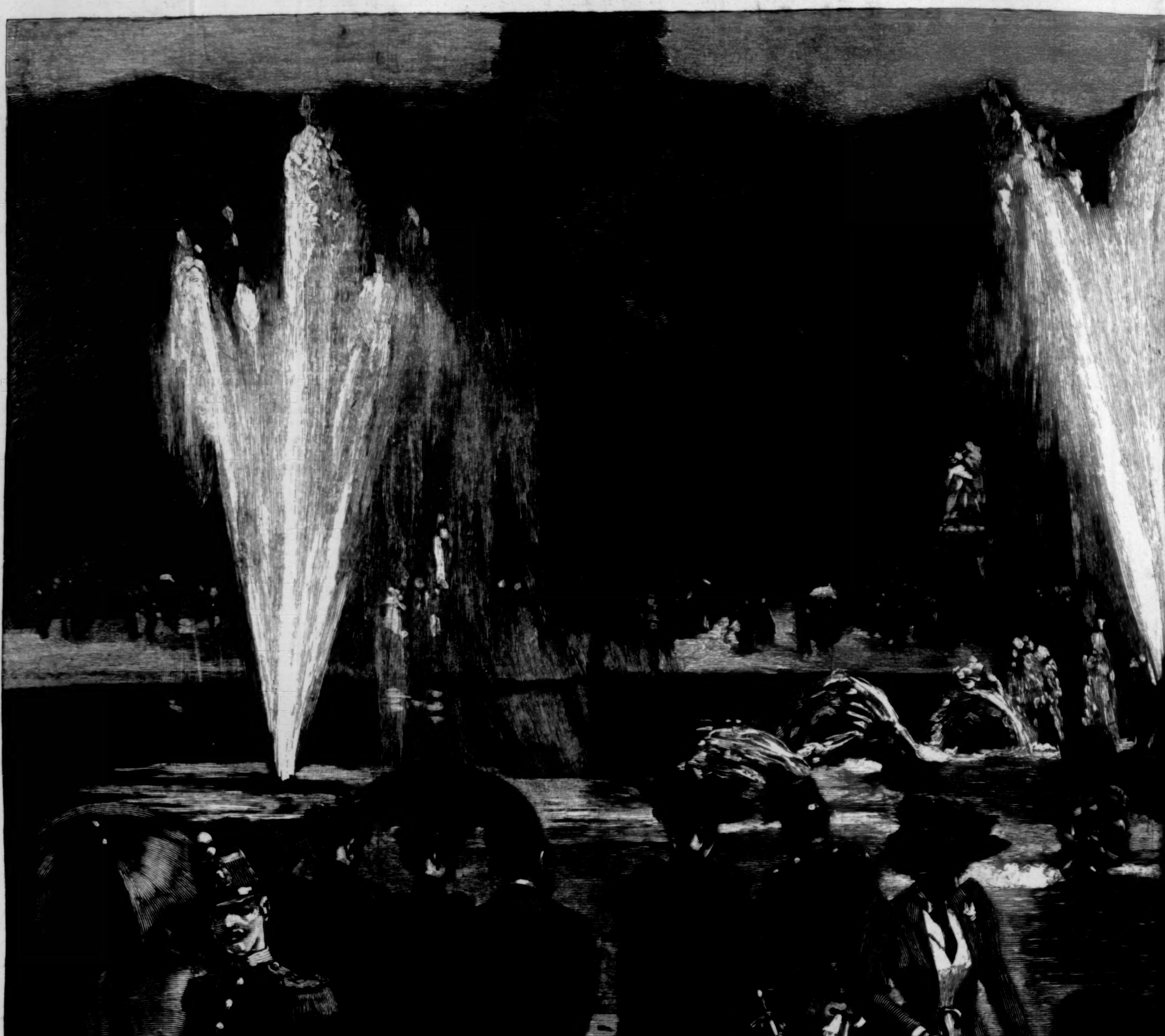
You will then naturally meet M. Stoileff, the leader of the Conservative party, which has many leaders but no followers. He, like most other Bulgarians you meet, has been Prime Minister for a few days. He was educated at the American College in Constantinople, and is the most prominent exponent of that strange admixture, Anglo-Saxon education and South-Slavic temperament, which, I am compelled to say, is not a striking success. He may have evolved many grand ideas and bestowed many blessings upon the country during his short possession of power, but the only act of his official life which is now recalled is a proposition he made to the prince to create twenty voivodes, or lords, with the privilege of marching abroad through Bulgaria with a serf to carry before them the spear of office. The principality needed stability, he claimed, and the creation of the voivodes, with their spears, could not fail to ballast the cranky ship of state. The Prince shoved his project "under the divan," an Eastern method of pigeon-holing.

M. Radoslavoff, by whom we are next converted, is a party unto himself, and the only journalist that Bulgaria as yet has had the time to produce. He is a well-meaning little man, apparently, whose smile is quite benign, and you will be quite surprised to hear that he did very many brutal and barbarous things while Prime Minister under the regency which preceded the accession of Prince Ferdinand to the throne. His paper, the *Narodny Prava* ("National Rights") has had a checkered career, but still survives, with astonishing display of vitality and editorial endurance. Radoslavoff is not an *intransigeant*, however; in fact, he "howls with the wolves from fear of being eaten up," as the Bulgarian proverb strongly advises, but, unfortunately, he cannot howl loud enough. He speaks of the prince in terms of stilted praise, but he cannot bring it over himself to speak of Stambouloff in other than words of scorn. When I left M. Radoslavoff last fall he gave me the following concise statement as to the career of his paper. It had been in existence two years and six months. He had tried to publish 400 times, and had only succeeded in getting out 160 editions, with great white blotches throughout the paper, showing where the censor had blue-pencilled. The paper had been brought into court 68 times for press offenses. Ten of the editors had been sent to jail for terms amounting in all to 162 years. But the supply showed no signs of exhaustion, and M. Radoslavoff was very hopeful as to the outlook of journalism in the young country. His political platform is a simple one. He wants to be Prime Minister, and have Stambouloff locked up in the Black Mosque for life.

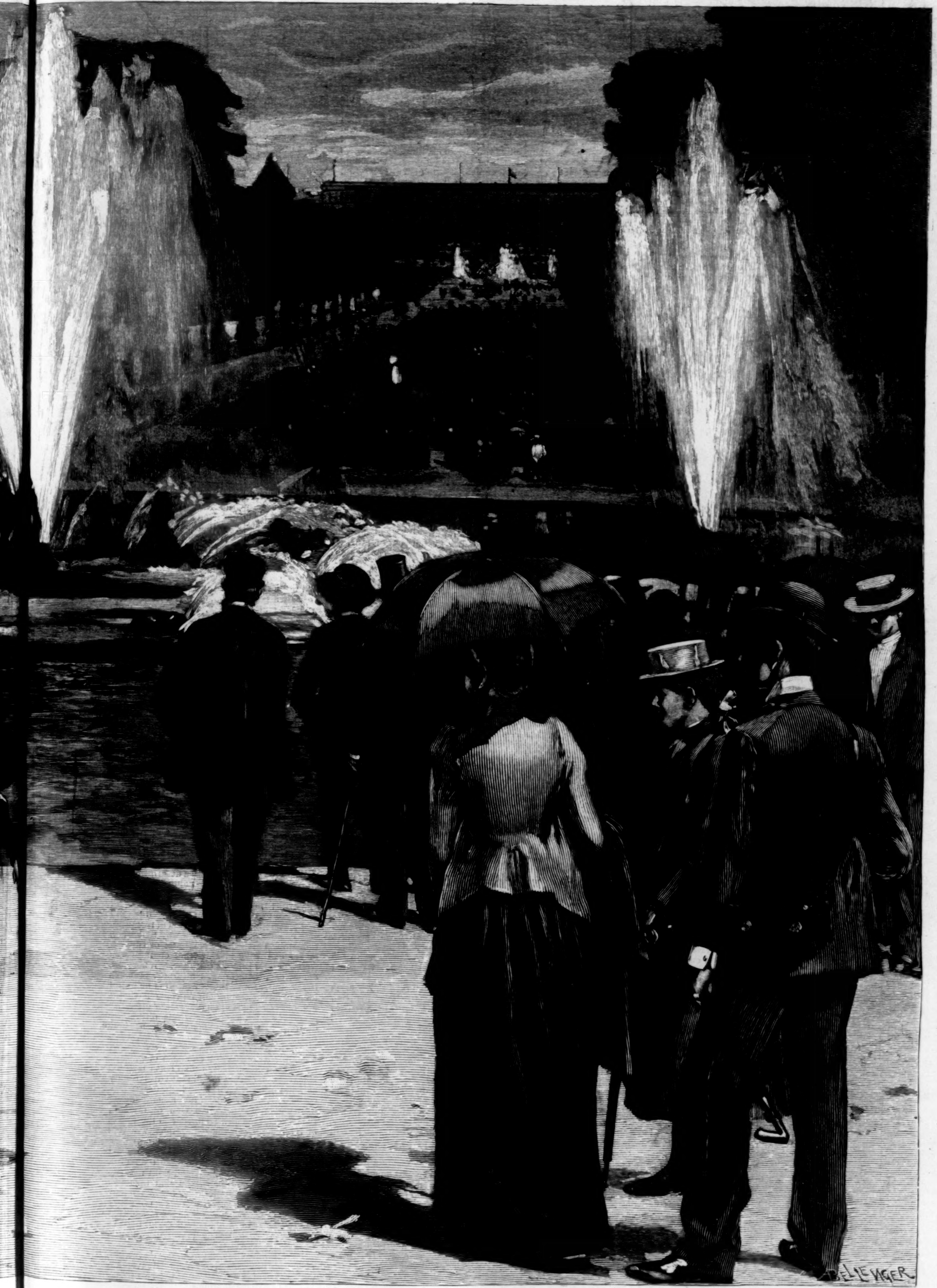
I was a convert to Karavelloffism when the elections for the Sobranje, on the 7th of September last, took place. It was the most transparent travesty of consulting the will of the people I have ever witnessed in any country. The opposition abstained from voting, and the government clerks and the gypsy *Sapagees* were charged with the task of "repeating" with sufficient frequency so as to rob the demonstration of the abstentionists of all importance as to numbers. But unfortunately for the plans of M. Stambouloff, at least in Sofia, the *raki*, the reward of their labor, was distributed amongst the "repeaters" and the *Sapagees* at much too early an hour in the day. They fell asleep in the streets, about the polling booths, and when the ballot-boxes were opened only twenty-one hundred votes were found to have been cast, while eleven thousand names appear on the poll-lists, which had been revised a few days before. Men of Stambouloff's selection were, however, declared duly elected in every district but two in the country, though in certain places, where the opposition parties did participate in the elections, they certainly outvoted M. Stambouloff three to one.

One evening, after a visit to the National Theatre, we were assembled, some twenty of us, in the house of Petko Karaveloff, who is now a prisoner in the Black Mosque, charged with complicity in the attempted assassination of Stambouloff and the murder of Beltcheff. We were engaged in discussing the events of the evening, smoking the inevitable Giubek cigarette, and sipping Turkish coffee with a great smacking of the lips, which the Bulgarian hostess exacts from her guests as a tribute to her skill in its preparation, when a handsome young stripling, who had just returned from Roumelia, where the royal *préfet* had cheated him out of his election to the Sobrania, interrupted the general conversation to make a stirring speech. I remember almost the very words as he spoke them, so earnest and sincere was his manner. "The patriots," he concluded, "have tried every legal means of saving the country from the Austrian, but in vain. There is nothing left now for us to do but to shoot Stambouloff like a mad dog wherever we find him."

The one interesting woman I had met in Bulgaria—a female Garibaldi, at whose beck and call men have died, who has played an important if self-effaced rôle in the last decade of Bulgarian history—smiled with encouragement upon the young man's enthusiasm and determination. It seemed to me last week, as I read by cablegram the story of the assassination in Sofia, that the shot which came so near exploding the powder-mine of southeastern Europe was the answer to that smile; though I still hope that this young enthusiast is not among the thirty prisoners in the Black Mosque, whose lives are worth so little, and that he, more fortunate than others, has escaped from the dominion of her commanding smile.


THULSTRUP 90

THE FOUNTAINS AT VERSAIL



LLES.—Drawn by T. de Thulstrup.—[See Page 269.]

## "ULYSSES MENDENALL."

WHAT woke me? Surely in my dreams I heard the teacher call
The roll as she did years ago, "Ulysses Mendenall"!
I heard that name then just as plain and his response as clear
As when from his far corner seat Ulysses answered, "Here!"

Ulysses Simpson Mendenall, the partner of my joys—
The partner of my sorrows too—when you and I were boys.
We learned to skate together on the creek at Jones's mill,
Together gathered walnuts from the tree around the hill;

As partners trapped the red-bird, fished together in the brooks,
And joined to gather scrap-iron to exchange for lines and hooks;
Collaborated on the spoil of marble-playing skill;
And on the autumn Saturdays we tramped o'er field and hill,

And emulated Daniel Boone from morn to set of sun—
You with your homely yellow dog, I with my father's gun.

And when the sun in summer made the road a quivering track,
How willingly you wooed the chance of blistering your back,
In helping thin the corn rows just to gratify the whim
Of father, who insisted that I work before I swim!

Ulysses Simpson Mendenall, that ragged coat you wore
Is just as plain to me as though we two were boys once more,
For I remember well each rent—how this was torn the day
The hornets chased you through the hedge while I hid in the hay;

And this recalls the time we climbed the old mulberry-tree;
And this, I almost blush to say, came from a fight with me.

Dear old Ulysses Mendenall, how far away those days!
How sweetly painful are the dreams old memories can raise!
Somehow I nodded at the fire to-night and dozed—and then
I hurried back across the years and we were boys again.

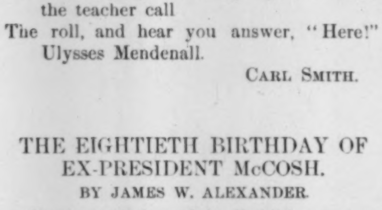
But oh, to see that ragged coat, to grasp that calloused hand!
To talk with you of things which only we would understand.
I'll close my eyes, and try again to hear the teacher call
The roll, and hear you answer, "Here!" Ulysses Mendenall.

CARL SMITH.

## THE EIGHTIETH BIRTHDAY OF EX-PRESIDENT McCOSH.

BY JAMES W. ALEXANDER.

ON the first day of April, 1891, an event was modestly celebrated at the university town of Princeton, New Jersey, which will awaken the interest of thousands of people in all quarters of the world, within and without the circle of scholars and university men. On that occasion the eightieth birthday of ex-President James McCosh was remembered in a way which must have touched the old man's heart, as it certainly manifested to the people the grasp which the veteran educator has upon the affections of his former associates and pupils.



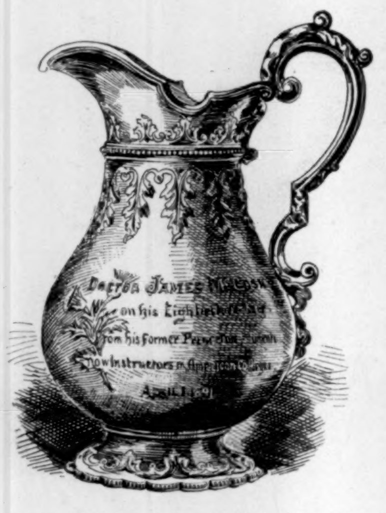
CUP PRESENTED BY THE FACULTY OF PRINCETON COLLEGE.

The celebration consisted of three parts. In the first place, President Patton and the faculty of Princeton University called upon their old chief in a body to testify their love and respect and to offer their congratulations. Their sentiments were expressed in the following formal address engrossed on parchment:

> "The faculty of Princeton College, in presenting to Dr. McCosh this token of their esteem, desire also to convey to him their congratulations and cordial good wishes on this eightieth anniversary of his birthday.
>
> "The years that have passed since his retirement from the presidency of the college have but deepened their sense of his great and enduring work through the twenty years of his administration; and while the professional ties which bound them to him have been severed by that retirement, the stronger ties of warm personal regard remain unbroken.
>
> "They tender him their assurances of unfeigned satisfaction that they were permitted to be co-laborers with him in advancing the growth of the institution whose welfare, always so near to his heart, he has so signally promoted. They express also the hope that for years to come they may behold him moving in these academic scenes of which he has been and is so great a part."

With this was presented a handsome silver bowl manufactured by Tiffany & Co., a reproduction of which, together with the inscription upon it, is here given.

The next part was the visit of the younger Princeton professors and others, representing the 115 teachers and professors in various American colleges and universities, who were educated under Dr. McCosh, and who owe to him a large part of the enthusiasm which led them to enter this honorable, if rather unremunerative, field of work. The testimonial of this remarkable group was a large gilded silver pitcher of old-fashioned design, by Tiffany, bought with the loving contributions of these children in letters of Dr. McCosh, who are scattered all over the land. Upon one side of this pitcher is inscribed:


Doctor James McCosh
on his Eightieth
from his former Princeton
Now Instructors in American Colleges
April 1 1891

CUP PRESENTED BY FORMER STUDENTS OF PRINCETON COLLEGE NOW INSTRUCTORS AT DIFFERENT COLLEGES.

Doctor James McCosh, D.D., LL.D.,
On his Eightieth Birthday,
From his former Princeton Students,
Now Instructors in American Colleges.

Upon the other side are the following lines from Aristophanes, a tribute to Socrates:

εὐτυχία γένοιτο τἀν-
ϑρώπῳ, ὅτι προήκων
ἐς βαϑὺ τῆς ἡλικίας
νεωτέροις τὴν φύσιν αὐ-
τοῦ πράγμασιν χρωτίζεται
καὶ σοφίαν ἐπασκεῖ.

Which is freely translated as follows: "Good fortune attend him, because, advancing down the vale of years, he busies himself with new subjects and cultivates wisdom."

This is in reference to the most remarkable characteristic of Dr. McCosh's later years—his liberal adoption and defence of new ideas. Few men, for example, over seventy years of age, would take up, carefully expound, and defend the evolution theory as he has in his Bedell Lectures. And he is even now revising these lectures by incorporating the very recent views of Weismann. This is only one out of many illustrations of his vigor of progressive energy, unimpaired by the prejudice of age. Many others might be given, as, for instance, the part he has taken in the Church discussion as an advocate of the conservative revision of the Westminster Confession.

Probably no expression of obligation and regard could have been devised which would have been more grateful to the venerable teacher than this spontaneous assurance from those who had been led by him to imitate his useful life that his example and precepts had not been forgotten.

The third part of the celebration was the presentation by the Princeton Club of New York, consisting of the graduates in this vicinity, of a massive silver cup.

During the day many letters and telegrams were received by Dr. McCosh from former pupils and his hosts of admirers; and during his absence overnight the wives of the professors made the doctor's residence bloom with fragrant flowers and gay with appropriate decorations.

It would be difficult to imagine a more imposing figure, whether the physical presence or the character, attainments, and influence of the man be considered, than that of James McCosh. He is the personification of the scholar and the leader. His appearance is of that type which may fitly be described as noble. His classical features, intellectual head, and snow-white hair are so familiar to every one that the mere mention of them will call them to mind. A tall man, he is now slightly bent, and his usual attitude suggests the contemplative and studious nature, which has combined with his energetic administrative faculty to make him the most successful university president of his time. A beautiful walk has been laid out under the arching elms on the university grounds at Princeton, through the generosity of Cyrus H. McCormick, of Chicago, one of Dr. McCosh's Princeton graduates. Following the precedent of "Addison's Walk" at Oxford, this charming strolling-place has been named "McCosh's Walk," in honor of the ex-President of Princeton. Here the old gentleman may often be seen, just as in the days when he could look on the campus and its many commanding buildings and think of them as his own.

His eightieth birthday finds Dr. McCosh vigorous mentally, and with far more determination than physical strength, although able still to cope with many a younger man in endurance.

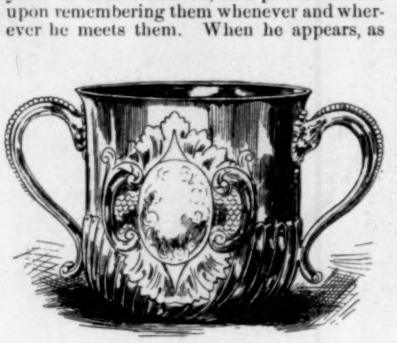
The windows of his sunny study, in the house he built for himself after retirement from the presidency of the university, command a wide view of the coast hills near Lakewood, to the south and eastward as far as the blue Navesink Highlands, forty miles distant. It is here that he pursues his researches, and it was here that his friends took him by surprise on his birthday.

His mornings are passed here busily writing, or revising his former books for new editions. He is now working over his *Psychology*, which has been such a popular text-book, and his ambition is to bring it up to date, in point of recent discoveries, before he stops writing.

At half past twelve he comes out for a stroll, and turning up Prospect Avenue, passes through McCosh Walk, along the front of the chapel, by the side of Murray Hall, then slowly through the campus to Nassau Street. He often stops for a friendly word with a student, or with one of the younger professors, of whom he is very fond.

His afternoons are spent more leisurely, with an hour's rest and some reading. Then he comes out again for a long walk before supper. In the evening he is busy until late hours. His hand is as firm and his writing as legible as ever.

Dr. McCosh takes a keen interest in those who have been graduated during his twenty years of administration, and prides himself upon remembering them whenever and wherever he meets them. When he appears, as he frequently does, at an alumni dinner in New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, or elsewhere, his rising to speak invariably provokes a storm of applause and cheers. There is no mistake on these occasions as to the place he occupies in the hearts of his old pupils.



CUP PRESENTED BY THE PRINCETON CLUB OF NEW YORK.

And now, on the completion of eighty years of useful life, it must be a balm to his tired mind, and the sweetest solace in his declining days, to find that he is not forgotten, either as a teacher, a leader, or a friend, by those who have had the rare advantage of sitting at his feet. Dr. McCosh can look back with pride and satisfaction on having first made for himself an illustrious name as preacher, scholar, philosopher, educator, and then having developed one of the three oldest and most renowned of American colleges into one of the first of working universities, whose ever-growing influence and prosperity, and ever-increasing family of scholars, will continue to stand as a perpetual monument to his wise government.

A sketch of Dr. McCosh would not be satisfactory to those who have known him in his home without reference to one who has endeared herself to all who have known her, and particularly to the students at Princeton. No collegian who has been ill while at the university will ever forget in Mrs. McCosh the gentle friend, who knew how to be a mother to those who were deprived for the time of a mother's loving care. If there is any name which will draw forth a more rousing cheer than Dr. McCosh's, it is that of his wife, to whom every Princeton graduate of the last twenty-five years, and many an older one, owes and yields a loyal devotion.

## A UNITED STATES PATENT.

BY PARK BENJAMIN.

THE average American citizen labors under the idea that the Patent Office of the United States is a place where a paternal government metes out a well-earned reward to genius (if the patent be granted to him), or imposes upon the people a base and grinding monopoly (if the patent be granted to somebody else). Even the issue of nearly 450,000 patents in the past, and a present production at the rate of 500 per week—as many as were granted in the whole year when Professor Morse patented his recording telegraph—fails to dispel that notion. It persists with all the pertinacity of the somewhat kindred error that "necessity is the mother of invention." The Patent Office is not an institution either for conferring rewards or for imposing monopolies; and as for the proverb, the truth is that a man born with the inventive faculty invents not because of necessity externally acting, but because he cannot help doing so. Nature having placed him, so to speak, near the frontier of human knowledge, his instinct will infallibly, sooner or later, carry him beyond the edge. Necessity may spur him on, but it will never supply inspiration. His progress to the border line may be the work of years, or it may be achieved in a moment; but in either case the leap into the unknown is lightning-like. The fortunate thought comes like a flash, the advanced frontier is established, and the world is wiser by a new idea, which, becoming embodied, the invention—one almost says the creation—is accomplished. In justice, the achieved result belongs to the inventor; and if he can retain to himself the knowledge of it, he may control it. But such secrets are not easily kept. Once uttered, all the world possesses them.

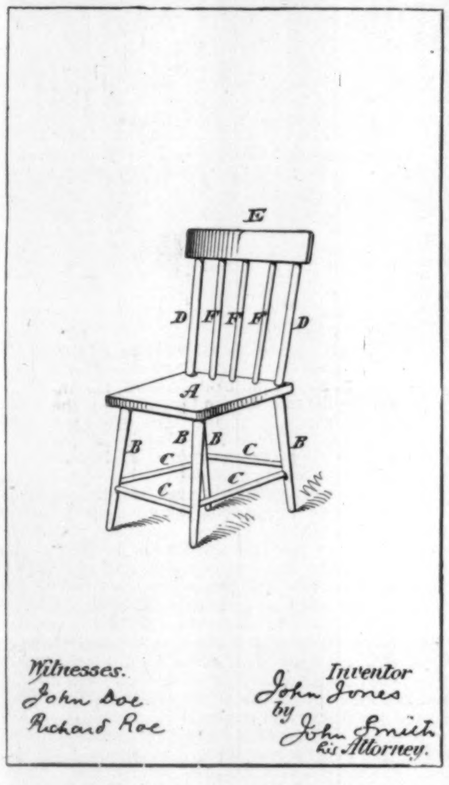
Accordingly a patent can be granted only to the inventor, if he be living, and it is given in return for the disclosure not of an inchoate idea, but of a tangible embodiment of original thought, which must be useful and new in this country. It must also relate to an art, or a machine, or a manufacture, or a composition of matter, unless the invention be an ornamental design, when novelty and originality alone are essential. Nothing else is patentable. The question of patentability is determined by the Patent Office of the United States, which also issues the patents.

It is proposed in the present paper to explain something of the working of that great institution by tracing briefly the process whereby a patent is made. And so for convenience and simplicity, as well as for purposes of illustration, it is assumed that John Jones, a citizen of the United States, has invented, for the first time in the history of the world, the chair. Not any particular kind of chair, but *the* chair in the broadest possible sense. Of course this involves the further assumption that prior to Jones's inspiration people sat on the floor, or on the ground, on boards or cushions, not elevated above the surface. Such a contrivance is obviously useful; and Jones, never having heard of or seen anything of the kind before it flashed across his mental vision, has no difficulty in affixing to his petition asking that a patent be granted him the statutory oath that he believes himself to be the original, first, and sole inventor of that chair, and that it has not been patented to himself or others with his knowledge or consent in any country, nor been in public use or on sale in the United States for more than two years prior to his application, and that, so far as he knows and believes, a chair was never before known or used prior to his invention thereof. He also sends to the Patent Office a drawing of his chair (here reproduced) and a descriptive specification. On this last-named document Jones's hopes of future fame and profit all must rest; for here the invention must be set forth not merely with an accuracy like unto that pertaining to the description of real property in a deed, but in such a way that when the patent expires, any carpenter or cabinet-maker can make and use that chair just as well as Jones himself can now. Wherefore Jones, or rather Jones's attorney, prepares the document, and therein informs mankind in general that "hitherto people have sat upon flat cushions upon the floor or ground," and that "such a practice is uncomfortable, destructive to wearing apparel, not conducive to general neatness, and altogether inæsthetic." Now here is Jones's invention, which "has for its object the elevation of the seat above the floor or ground, and consists in the construction of said raised seat substantially as hereinafter set forth." Then Jones proceeds to remark that "the accompanying drawing is a perspective view of my said raised seat, in which (referring to the letters of reference) A is the seat proper, which is supported on the four legs or standards, B. Between the legs or standards B extend rungs, C. Erected on one side of the seat A are two uprights, D, provided with a cross-bar, E, and spindles, F, the said uprights, cross-bar, and spindles forming a support for the back of the user." This is obviously a model of conciseness, for Jones is told that the less he says in his specification, the less chance for some one to pick holes in it in the future.

Now follow the claims—and "there's the rub"; for in their terse phrases the invention (and the whole invention) must be exactly pointed out. Woe to the luckless inventor whose mind, chained down to the mechanical production of his device, fails to appreciate the true scope of his idea, and who, giving the world credit for knowing more than it does, mistakes what is really a broad invention for a mere improvement, and so limits himself. Ignorance of extent of one's invention amounts practically to ignorance of law; and in a patent it is equally inexcusable.

If Jones's attorney knows no more than Jones, he will claim for his client "the combination of the seat A, legs B, rungs C, uprights D, bars E, and spindles F, substantially as described," and Jones will view that claim with entire complacency; for does it not catalogue every part of the chair as he makes it? But at some later day somebody else, in lofty disregard of what Jones thinks to be his right, will make a chair without the spindles F, for example, and Jones, thereupon invoking the whole power of the land for his protection, will undergo the experience of hundreds of his predecessors when he learns from the decision of the court that he has patented not a chair in general, but a chair necessarily having the spindles F, and, worse still, a chair also having necessarily the rungs C, the uprights D, and the bar E; so that all any one has to do is to leave out one or more of these parts, and he may use all the rest of the device, no thanks to Jones, who, having staked off only a small part of the broad acres which might have been his, now sees (with what equanimity he may) the remainder fall irretrievably into the public domain.

If Jones had written his claim to read, "The combination of a seat and a support therefor, whereby said seat is sustained in an elevated position," he might thus have woven for himself a drag-net (assuming his patent to be granted) large enough to catch any chair, sofa, stool, or other article described by its terms; just as the claim of the famous Bell telephone patent was discovered to be far-reaching enough to dominate any method of and apparatus for electrically transmitting articulate speech. But then the making of such claims is an art, and knowledge of it measures the ability of the attorney who prepares the specification.



Jones's papers reach the Patent Office, with the indispensable accompaniment of a fee of fifteen dollars; for Uncle Sam does not make examinations for nothing. On the contrary, for such services he exacts from the inventors yearly about a quarter of a million dollars, and he has heaped up in the Treasury a clear profit of nearly four millions.

Thousands of people who have never seen a patent are familiar with that imposing granite structure which occupies the whole block surrounded by F, G, Seventh, and Ninth streets, in the city of Washington, and which is called the Patent Office, although the Interior Department is lodged there. Before the National Museum was, this was the Mecca of the vagrant bridal couple, who wandered hand in hand in the marble halls, viewing the Declaration of Independence and Washington's trousers through the roseate nimbus of the honey-moon. But these immortal relics are gone now, and the bridal couples no longer dally there. There is not much romance about models of car-couplers and bee-hives and revolvers, the doubtful frescoes are rather gloomy, and there is a brisk business-like air about the place which forbids lingering, and renders far more attractive the shady and quiet alcoves of the Museum or the Smithsonian. On each floor there is a broad hall running around the great quadrangular building, from which rooms open, some giving on an interior court, others on the streets. One meets a queer throng in those corridors—officials of all grades; attorneys rushing from room to room, or rapidly writing at desks in the little lairs provided for them, or vehemently conferring with clients at every turn and corner; laborers pushing and hauling around great truck-loads of documents; groups of visiting pilgrims from all parts of the Union; and sometimes a stolid, bead-bedizened, blanketed band of savage warriors, marching in single file to an interview with the representative of the Great Father. During the morning hours, and just at the foot of one of the great staircases, one discovers a table covered with heaps of cakes and unlimited pie, all of which is soon to be converted into the brain matter which decides the merits of the inventive genius of the nation; for this is the examiners' luncheon-place.

The typical inventor of the novelist or playwright is never hard to find. Sometimes he is half asleep in the library, but more often stands silently somewhere about the halls, communing in solitude with himself, or occasionally with some sympathizing young bride or newly fledged official not wary enough to avoid him. He is easily identified: always the same rusty clothes and the battered hat and the greasy roll of drawings under his arm, and the box with the little model, which he will take out for the asking, and grow eloquent about it too. He generally wants the Commissioner of Patents to revive some long-since abandoned application for him, or to let him file a new one without a fee, regardless of the statutes in such cases made and provided. People wonder how he manages to support himself in Washington, so far from home—but that word perhaps long since has been without meaning for him. He waits there in the Patent Office halls, patiently and wistfully, until some day he disappears, and only the hospital nurse is the richer by the great thoughts enclosed in the little box or inscribed on the worn sheets of paper.

In due season, and as a small atom of the huge mail which comes to this workshop from all over the land, arrives Jones's application for his patent on the chair. Many a time has Jones figured to himself its reception, seeing, in his mind's eye, the Commissioner—nay, even the President himself—single out his documents from the common mass, and read them eagerly, while a flush of joy that the nation should at last have yielded such perfect fruit mantles the official brow. But this does not happen. On the contrary, the papers go to a stony-hearted clerk, who would not experience the faintest thrill of emotion if Jones had invented the philosopher's stone. In fact, he would just as quickly object to a technical difficulty in papers describing a practicable telegraph to the planet Mars as he would in others relating to the oft-invented car-coupler. Just as little does the artistic part of the institution care about high art, and a drawing made by Mr. Remington or Mr. Abbey or Mr. Parsons would probably be rejected *instanter* for "rough lines" or "not black enough," without even the courtesy of "admitted for examination only." But all this is merely preliminary. When the drawing and the papers are found to be technically *en règle*, the real ordeal begins.

It would hardly be supposed that all possible subjects of human invention could be brought into a classification. But this the Patent Office has managed to do. Its latest analysis produced 188 classes and 4000 sub-classes. For example, the philosopher's stone, if found, would be assigned to division 3, class 48, sub-class 57, entitled "Special Apparatus for treating Ores and Metals not otherwise specified"; the telegraph to Mars would belong in division 16, class 178, sub-class 45, known as "Circuits and Systems"; while Mr. Jones's chair finds its way to division 8, class 155, and there remains alone in its glory; for the 28 sub-classes now devoted to all sorts and varieties of chair, under our assumption that Jones's is the first and original chair, have not as yet, of course, come into existence.

Now follows a period of delay, varying from a week to six months, during which Jones's package of documents, enclosed in a blue "jacket" envelope inscribed with their pedigree, and known as an "application," slowly makes its way toward the front of a long line of similar packages arranged in order of receipt on the desk of an examiner. There is a tread-mill endlessness about this work. It is very like baling out a leaky boat. Sometimes the new applications accumulate more rapidly than the old ones can be disposed of, and then the line lengthens and the delay increases. There are about 190 of these endless files of application packages on the desks of as many examiners in the various examining departments of the Patent Office.

In making the examination precedence is given to inventions which the head of some department of the government deems of especial importance to the public service, those remanded by appellate tribunals for further proceeding, applications for extensions, for reissue, and those relating to devices already patented abroad and to designs, in the order named. After these, new applications are taken up in order of filing—a rule which is rigidly enforced, although it seems impossible to make the average Congressman understand that his "influence" is of no avail whatever against it. The reason for inflexibility is found in the fact that the number of applications yearly filed is now about 43,000, and that the amount of detail work caused is so enormous that it simply must be dealt with in a regular and orderly manner.

Meanwhile the examiner, having reached Jones's application, studies the specification to find out what the invention is, and whether Jones has properly described it. Perhaps he may find that Jones's claims are legally bad in form, which he certainly would do if Jones should say, "I claim the use of a seat above the ground," or "a seat supporting persons above the floor"; for neither Jones nor any one else can patent the use or function of a device, but only the thing itself. If the examiner is something of a purist in his particular line, he may criticise Jones's grammar or rhetoric, or heap up objections of a metaphysical character evolved from his inner consciousness; and hence especially exasperating to Jones's attorney, who usually cannot understand them, but nevertheless is expected to do so by Jones.

Having satisfied himself as to formal matters, the examiner now considers the application on its merits. Or, in other words, he goes on a still hunt through the files of prior patents, both American and foreign, and through all printed publications accessible in the Patent Office Library, to find out whether Jones's chair has ever before been described or patented. No matter where a printed publication may have appeared, nor in what language it is written; no matter what country issued the prior patent; no matter whether Jones ever heard of the publication or patent or not—if Jones's invention is there set forth, the examiner pounces upon it like a hawk, and (in Jones's opinion) with "ghoulish glee" rejects Jones's application. For obviously the device, however original it may be with Jones himself, is thus proved not to be new. If the discovery of nothing but the exact thing in some prior patent or publication always preceded a rejection, the work of the examiner would be as simple as it is in cases where (as in the oft-recurring perpetual motion, or the interrupted current telephone, or the motor of the Keely type) he merely denies that the thing will work, and rejects for want of utility, leaving the applicant to supply proof of operativeness, which, of course, being impossible, is never done. But in a great majority of unfavorable examinations the examiner bases his rejection on the prior state of the art. Thus he may say to Jones that people had seated themselves on rocks or bowlders from time immemorial, and that certainly such rocks were seats elevated above the ground, and he may refer Jones to a description, for instance, of the famous coronation stone in Westminster Abbey, where the English monarchs have seated themselves pending the crowning operation. Of course the more complex the invention, the wider the range of investigation through the art, with the object of showing, on the part of the examiner, how much has been done before and how very small is the actual advance made by the applicant, and that therefore his claims must be limited to express just what he has accomplished over and above the prior work of others, and nothing more.

These objections, being reduced to writing, are sent to the applicant, and the case stands technically rejected. Perhaps ten per cent. of all the patents granted pass the ordeal at once without objection. But the vast majority of applications meet opposition of some sort. The applicant now has ample time (two years if he chooses) to consider the reasons given for the rejection, and to submit argument in reply, or to amend his application. Jones, for example, might erase his broad claim, because too broad, and substitute one for "the combination of a seat and two or more standards supporting the same above the ground," which is clearly not descriptive of a stone. The examiner now reconsiders the matter, and if he is satisfied with the applicant's answer or amendment, he "sends the case to issue." If not, he may interpose other objections, so that sometimes the discussion between the examiner and the applicant's attorney may extend over years, and dozens of communications pass to and fro before either an allowance or final rejection occurs. The examiner in Jones's case would probably insist that there was no invention in substituting two, or any number, of standards for the body of the stone. Then Jones would proceed to discover new advantages for his chair legs, which until then he had never dreamed of, and ask for further consideration. But in the end he might find the examiner obdurate, and be curtly informed that "the application is finally rejected for want of invention."

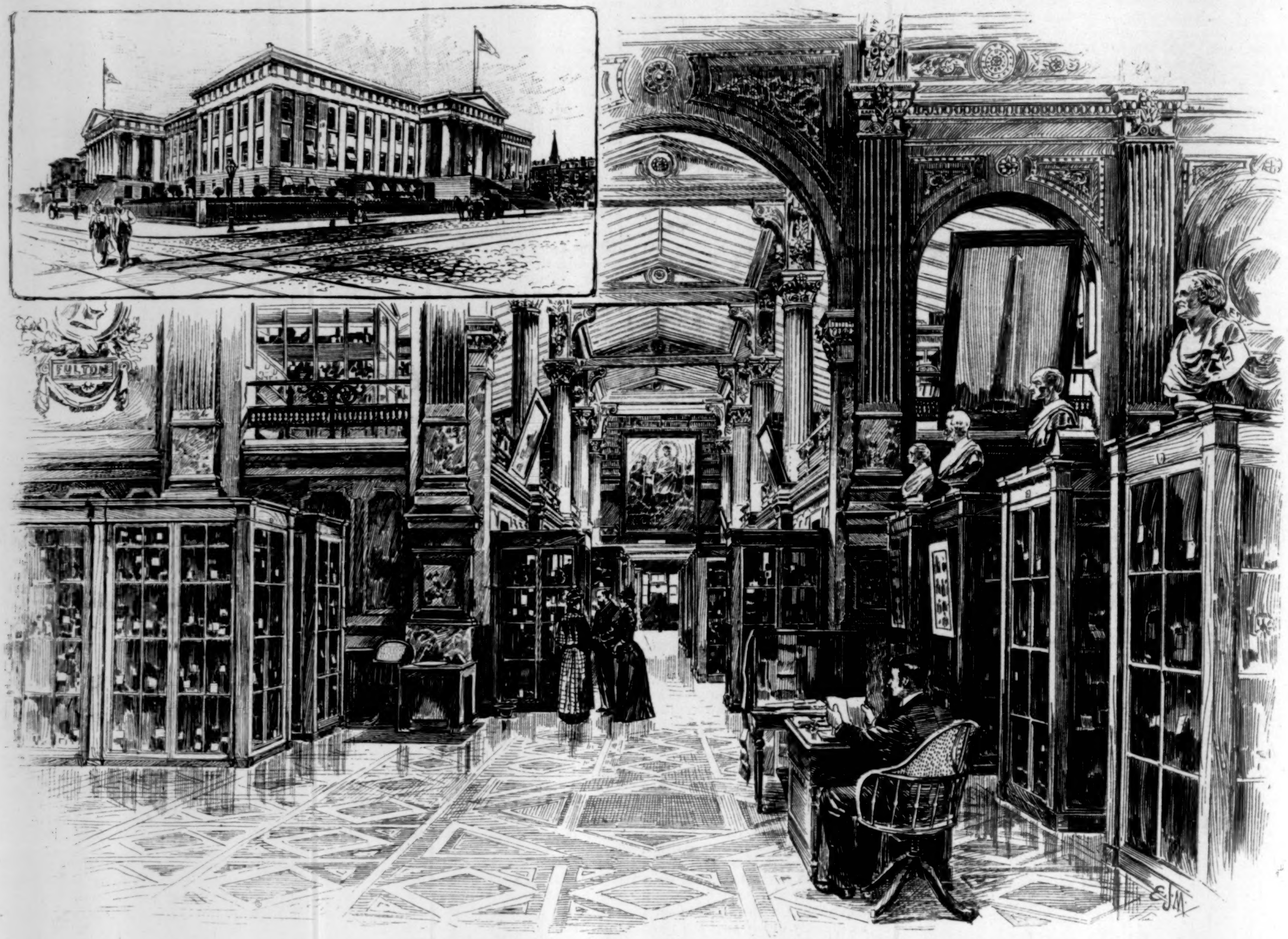
Then Jones calls heaven and earth to witness the injustice that has been done him, chastens his wrath by the payment of ten dollars into the United States Treasury, and hopefully appeals to the Board of Examiners in Chief, three officials of judicial dignity and great patience, who will appoint a time to listen to all Jones has to say as to why the examiner erred. If they reverse the examiner's decision, Jones gets his patent. If they do not, Jones shakes the dust of that tribunal from his feet, pays out twenty dollars more, and continues his pursuit of justice into the purer atmosphere supposed to surround the highest authority in the office, the Commissioner of Patents in person. Here he again argues the matter, and either gets his patent, or is permitted to take an appeal to the Circuit Court of the District of Columbia, where now he must meet active opposition from the Patent Office. If he is successful, a mandate from the court compels the issue of his patent. If not, he may soar still higher, even to the Supreme Court of the United States. But after that his sole recourse is the newspapers.

About three-fifths of all the applications filed become patents; the rest, rejected, remain ever after a memorial to blighted hopes and disappointed ambition, and to the needless enrichment of the public. As soon as an application is allowed, the claimant is notified to pay a final fee of twenty dollars within six months, under pain of forfeiture, and shortly after he makes this payment he receives the patent itself.

A United States patent can hardly be called an imposing-looking document. Fashion in patents changes as in other things, and the present mode favors much simplicity. Even in Great Britain, where "Victoria Dei gratia," etc., used to present the fortunate patentee with a mammoth parchment, having appended to it the great seal of England impressed on about a pound of wax, and the whole enclosed in a neat box bearing the royal arms in gilt, a simple printed sheet of paper of modest dimensions and a stamped paper seal now suffice. We are a little more artistic, for we provide parchment paper, and a steel engraving of the Patent Office, and a large red seal, and plenty of blue fastening ribbon, and the signatures of an Assistant Secretary of the Interior and of the Commissioner of Patents, which alone have a market value as autographs of distinguished persons. And in the patent, the United States of America, after politely saluting the reader, informs him that Jones having made a new and useful improvement in chairs, and being justly entitled to a patent under the law, there is granted to the said Jones for the term of seventeen years from a day certain, "the exclusive right to make, use, and vend said invention throughout the United States and the Territories thereof." An abstract of Jones's claims, with those of 499 others, appears in the current issue of the *Official Gazette*, which the Patent Office publishes every week, and that ends official concern with Jones's invention. He is now free to make out of it all that an intelligent public will let him. But nobody guarantees anything to Jones. The government, which has taken his money for examining into the novelty of his invention, does not underwrite his title to his patent, nor even affirm the novelty of his "alleged new and useful improvement," as with wary intelligence it calls it.

At some future time, when the general law which probably underlies the simultaneous making of apparently fortuitous discoveries shall have been recognized, we shall perhaps understand better than we now do why it is that no important invention has ever been made but that several different persons, each in entire good faith, have claimed its sole origination. Galton likens simultaneous invention to the ripening of apples on a tree, a number of which, by the merest accident, happen to fall at the same time. There can be little doubt that a new idea is a product of the times as well as of the individual; and that a given number of persons naturally disposed to invention, placed in environments which direct their thoughts in like channels, the chances of their independently yet simultaneously making similar conceptions are greatly multiplied. In the Patent Office, for two or more inventors to be found claiming the same device is of almost daily occurrence. This is called an "interference," and results in a singular sort of litigation which involves three parties, namely, the two rival claimants and the people. The former are made to embark in the controversy whether they want to or not, under penalty of forfeiting the right to prove any earlier date of invention than that of the filing of his application by the party who fails to proceed. These contests are unexampled in bitterness. Every inventor instinctively imagines, on general principles, that the rest of mankind is only waiting a favorable opportunity to steal his invention from him; and when another actual claimant does appear, his vigorous opinions concerning his rival find no parallel on earth, except in those of his rival concerning him. Then follows the curious spectacle of an effort to establish possibly a point of abstract metaphysics through the medium of a code of rigidly technical rules, under the antagonistic influences of violently volcanic emotions. The result which is supposed to determine the period of earliest exercise of inventive faculty by one party or the other is rather uncertain. But an appeal to the Commissioner decides the matter finally, and secures the patent to the victor.

There is no public institution anywhere in existence which is in such close and such peculiar touch with the people as is our Patent Office. It is a wonderful school of human nature. Here genius soars to its highest, and cupidity descends to its lowest level. Here come as applicants the scientist of consummate skill and knowledge, and the blatant and ignorant charlatan; the struggling inventor, who perhaps has mortgaged his last earthly possession to pay the government tax, and the rich and powerful trust or corporation which waxes fat off of the fruit of hundreds of brains such as his. Nowhere better than in the records of the Patent Office can the life of the inventor as an odd species of humanity be studied, for nowhere are all the queer phases of his nature more



THE EXTERIOR AND INTERIOR OF THE PATENT OFFICE.—Drawn by E. J. Meeker, after Photographs by Bell, Washington, D. C.

plainly revealed. The law allows any one to practise before the office, and so it often happens that a correspondence between the officials and an inventor in person results in many a singular missive. A collection of these epistles which the present chief clerk of the Patent Office has made for his own amusement is a mine of humor, not unmixed with pathos. One cannot help noticing in how many of them the half-formed notion of a paternal government is mingled with the idea of popular sovereignty.

A "Strait-out Democrat," for example, evidently thinks that he is conferring a favor when he informs "Grover Cleveland the fouther of houer country Dear Sir and President of the United States" that he has invented a "new frate car-coupler," in which the President may have a half interest if he will "Put it threw the Patent Office." Another correspondent sends to the White House a few friendly lines, "hoping to find you well," and all in the cause of friendship suggests that the President shall forthwith forward him a patent for a liniment, which he is sure the President will be glad to learn has been tried on the inventor and his wife and his daughter "for nineteen yeares." Occasionally one meets with a pitiful story addressed to "his High Honor," begging for a patent because the writer "is gitting old and wants to give the children a start in the world somehow."

Quite different in tone are the letters addressed to the Commissioner of Patents. No pathetic appeals are made to him. His correspondents tell him what they want, and give him to understand that they want it right off--as one says, "without fuling about it either." One individual makes a modest demand for $100,000, because, he avers, the government has offered that sum as a reward for a "perpetual moshen," which he tells the Commissioner he has discovered. Another will be contented with $3000 in remuneration for "an inch squair block," whatever that may be. Another insists that the Commissioner has in his immediate control a large collection of second-hand army saddles, one of which he wishes sent to him immediately. Another informs that functionary that he bought a safe which was patented in 1843, and cannot find the key, and will the Commissioner kindly send him a duplicate key?

Proposals that the Commissioner shall act as attorney for individuals before himself, or shall make a reduction in the government fees because one person proposes to take out several patents, are not at all uncommon. Letters warning the Patent Office against granting patents to rival claimants are in every mail, and the reasons usually given are variegated in the extreme. The most original one encountered is that he (the rival) "got mad at me and tried to cheat me out of it because he done the whitling." As for odd things for which a patent is demanded, their name is legion. One man wants to know whether his name has been patented, and if not, he would like to patent it himself. Another desires to patent the name of "South Dakota if it would not cost too much." And still another wishes to be informed if he can get a patent for a "smell," with a general description of "an exhibition of odors or scents in an enclosed space." Perhaps for genuine humor the following is unique in its way: "I am here as an exile, far from home," says the writer, whose numerous inquiries have been answered, as usual, by sending him a printed copy of the Patent Office rules, "and without money. For though I own a farm of 22 acres, I had to fly like the lark from the field of wheat for fear of my life from a frantic scolding wife. So, I have a great many ideas in fire-escapes for buildings. But money makes the mare go, which leaves my mare to toter fall and die it is said and it is true that there is manny a Socratus in the hands of a plow and manny a Uleses herding sheep." The connection between the invention of a fire-escape and the uncomfortable behavior of this gentleman's better half may be inferred, but what is "a Socratus in the hands of a plow?"

Here is the Chinese question in an entirely new aspect, and it is needless to state that the letter comes from the Golden State: "Mr. Commissioner of Patents herewith please find my application to stop leaks in garden hose. My improvement consists in the simple wrapping of a piece of cotton batting around the hose. I stole the idea from a —— Chinaman, but it stops leaks around the hose. The Adjutant-General of the United States will inform you that I am all right. That is I am intelligent and honest." Whether the Chinaman would agree in this last personal estimate is perhaps open to conjecture.

Even the Patent Office itself, stern and mechanical and monotonous as its work is, is not free from an occasional vagary. Hidden in its reports, for example, is the patent for the illuminated cat (No. 305,102, September 16, 1884), a figure of the animal "coated with luminous paint so as to shine in the dark," and "perfumed so as to be obnoxious to rats, mice, etc."; and for the pistol which splits open lengthwise, and of which the two parts, hinged together, become a bootjack (No. 329,576, November 3, 1885); and for the anti-snorer (No. 132,500, October 22, 1872), "an arch of some hard material secured upon the back between the shoulders," and constructed on the theory that if a person is prevented from lying on his back he can no longer snore; and for the automatic roost (No. 104,832, June 28, 1870), which, when the fowls retire, operates by their weight to close the doors of the bee-hive, and so keep out the night-prowling bee-moth.

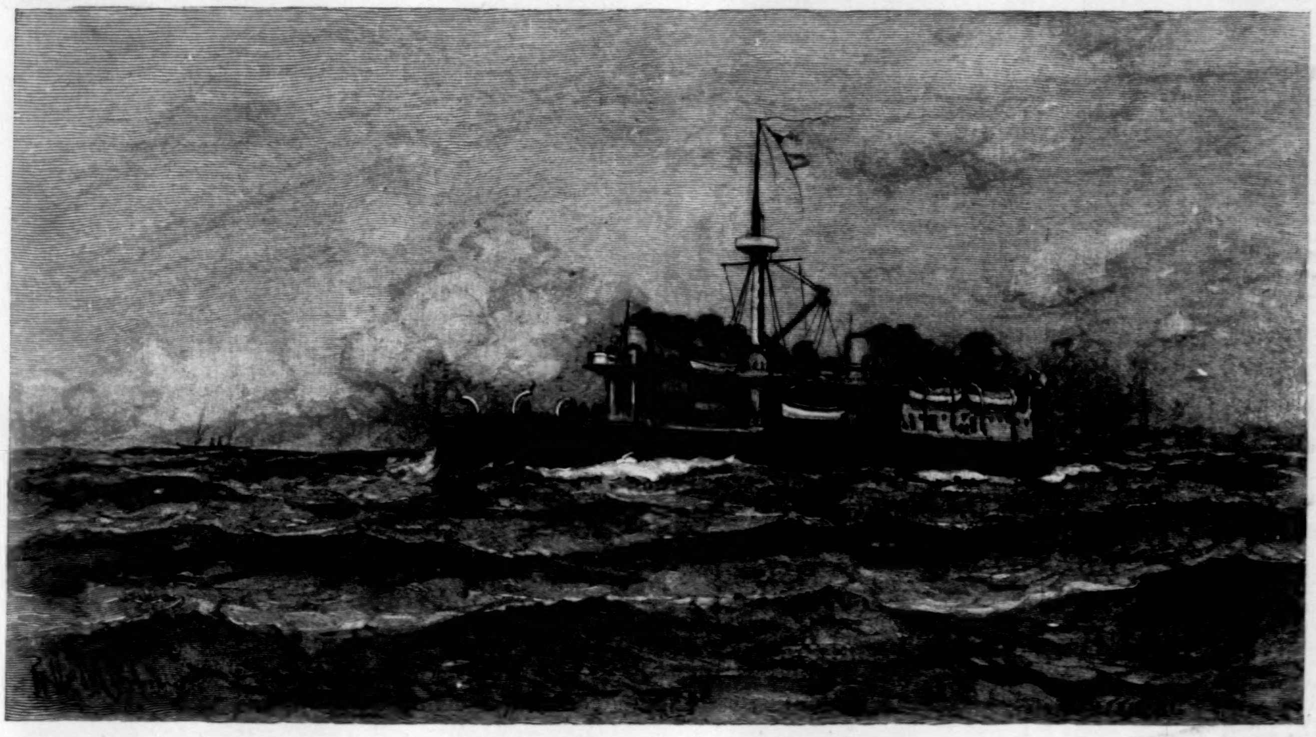
The great mass of patented inventions, however, have very little of what might be termed human interest about them. The layman may pore over the *Official Gazette* for weeks, and among the thousands of new contrivances there illustrated he may never see one which will appeal to his imagination. The really great inventions, startling in their novelty and ingenuity, are exceedingly few and far between. The majority of all patented devices are minor improvements on machines or processes, suggested by daily use of them, or by the ever-recurring new demands of fashion and the market. A new product calls for new and improved machines for its manufacture. A new machine stimulates invention in improving its efficiency, reducing its parts, and cheapening its cost. A new process suggests possibilities of reaching the result by other and simpler steps. A new compound leads to trials with different and less expensive ingredients in order to obtain like qualities. And the character of the patents is also governed by the divergent motives which lead people to seek them. One man will patent his invention merely to establish a record of priority, and to secure his own fame. Another, on the contrary, will have in immediate view the sale of his patent for cash or royalty. Another, pursuing some defined line of original investigation, will endeavor to obtain patents at every step, to prevent his becoming distanced by rivals in the race. Another looks upon his patents merely as checks upon his business competitors, securing to him an undivided field. Another, regardless of whether his patent is good, bad, or indifferent, wants it as a "scare," to prevent imitation until he can get a new device upon the market. Another, with a less commendable motive, files his application in the hope of blocking the advance of some one else, and so bringing about an interference, and the possible purchase of his pretensions by his adversary as a cheaper alternative to a contest.

It is only when we recall the fact that the overwhelming majority of all our industries are based upon patents that we begin to realize how intimately they are interwoven with the industrial and commercial life of the nation. The sewing-machine and the reaper and mower, the locomotive and the steam-engine, the systems of electric lighting, telegraphing, telephoning, and electric transmission of power, with their countless forms of apparatus, the printing-press and the modern newspaper, the myriad processes and devices for the production and working of metals, the vehicles in which we ride, the lights we burn, the food we eat, the clothes we wear—everything excepting only the air we breathe, and even that, too, indirectly through the countless ventilating devices—rest upon and in some degree are tributary to patents. And in proportion to the multiplication of these, so do the labors of the Patent Office increase. It is only a few years since the subject of electricity and its applications was relegated to a sub-class in the department of philosophical instruments; it now exhausts the energies of two great divisions of the office.

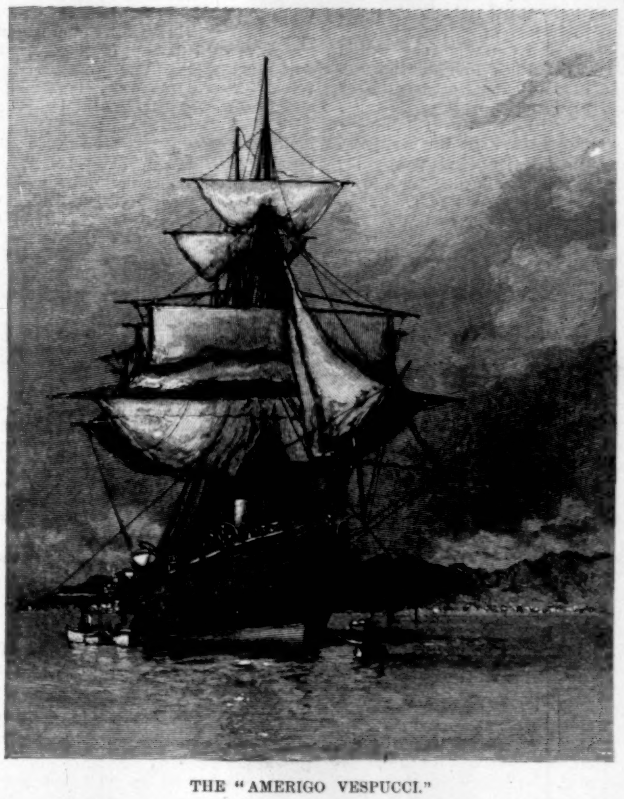
Of the vast army of inventions which quietly fall into their appointed places in the industries of the country the public hears but little. It simply gets better or cheaper goods as a consequence of them, and only as time rolls on does their gradual accretion make it plain that a material advance in some art has been made. It is the loudly trumpeted contrivance "boomed" by the promoter's skill in the newspapers and wherever men do congregate which we—and, alas, our pockets—know most about.

The labor of the Patent Office is hard drudgery, performed without the aid of even fairly adequate facilities. From the Commissioner who presides over its affairs downward through all grades, its employés are overtaxed and underpaid, nor is there even the stimulus of personal fame to be achieved for brilliant or long and faithful service. Nothing goes on but the incessant grinding of the mill, of which the official is but a part of the mechanism, and the grist of which in the year just closed (larger than ever before) was over 26,000 patents. Time shows no diminution in the influx of new ideas coming here, and the Nutmeg State, true to her traditions, still maintains the lead, as she has done for years.

Our patent system has now been in force for a century. It has proved a most potent factor in the development of the new continent. Next to the inventors themselves, we owe to it more than to all else our unexampled progress as a people in every art and every industry. It has afforded a stimulus to discovery powerful beyond all original conception. The Yankee inventor is typical, and his work has long since been recognized as outstripping praise. But among all his inventions he has never contrived anything half so ingenious as he did when he invented the system whereby he makes himself invent.



THE "DUILIO."



THE "AMERIGO VESPUCCI."

## THE ITALIAN NAVY.

In a past period the prime factor put to the front, expressing the naval supremacy of a state, was "number of guns." Guns can never lose their potentiality, but it is rather the quality of guns than their quantity which the navy expert of to-day considers. Tonnage is the main question, and then comes the subdivisions of such tonnage, whether the vessels be of wood or steel, of light or heavy draught. Tons then represent guns, the latter depending on the former. Efficiency of guns, adaptability for particular exigencies, are everlasting topics which will never be exactly established.

The chances of the aggressive action of any European state as far as the United States is concerned are remote; it is, however, obvious that any serious attack made could only be carried on by a foreign navy. The subject for consideration is not one of probabilities, but rather of possibilities. Such destructive forces as might be employed by a naval enemy would be exploited by means of war ships of the first, second, and perhaps third class, armed with heavy guns. Our own leading army and navy authorities have told us over and over again that an enemy's fleet, stationed four or five miles distant from Sandy Hook, could destroy property in New York worth hundreds of millions. The opportunity to inflict injury on us by means of guns having long ranges might occur but once. It is questionable whether it could be repeated, but it is depressing to even fancy that such a thing is practicable.

The defence would be simply a question of guns mounted on the land, for we have not ships enough to hold at bay a foreign fleet. The matter of our placing guns in position to resist a naval attack is not, however, quite so simple as it seems. Although the efficiency of a gun on the land may be ten times greater than that of one on a mobile base such as a ship, the United States still labors under disadvantages. We have not got the heavy guns. We could not build them in sufficient number under a twelvemonth; and when a year is stated as the limit of time necessary for the construction of a heavy piece of ordnance, our ingenuity and mechanical abilities may be vaunted beyond their capacity of execution.

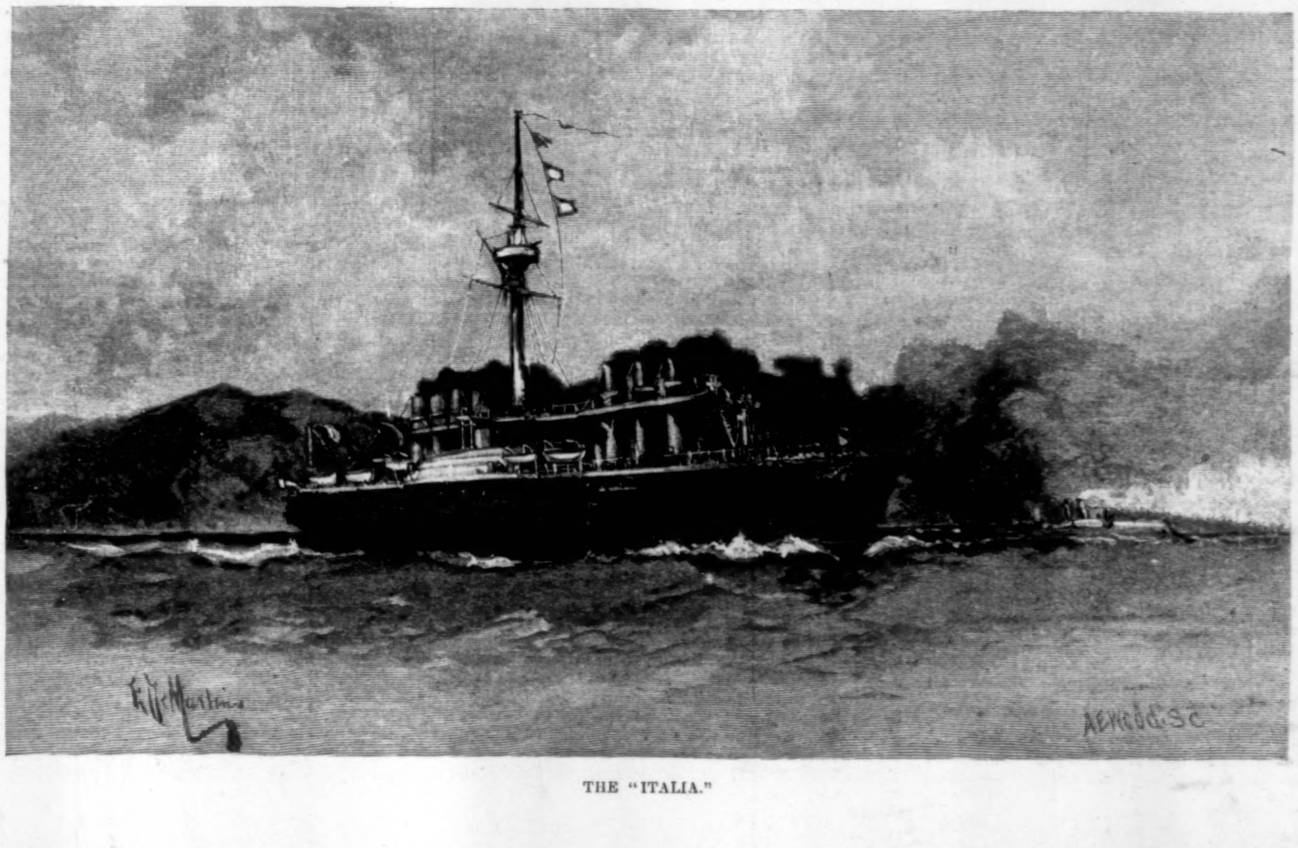
What, then, is the Italian navy, and how is it composed? It has a total to-day of probably 265 vessels. In 1890 there were 252 vessels in commission, and during last year 17 others, of which 3 were iron-clads, were being built, one of them nearly finished. Of this fleet, 12 are first-class, 13 second-class, and 19 third-class war ships. Their tonnage altogether was 196,286 tons. Their guns, including the iron-clad recently launched, numbered 338. The remainder of the fleet is made up of transports, vessels for local defence, such as lagoon gun-boats, torpedo vessels, steam torpedo barges, etc. It would be, then, the war ships of the first, second, and third class only which, if Italy should choose to make an attack, would be sent across the ocean.

In *Modern Ships of War*,* Sir Edward J. Reed presents the details of that fine vessel the *Duilio*. Her displacement is 11,140 tons; horse-power, 7700; greatest thickness of armor, 22 inches; and the heaviest of her four guns are of 101 tons each. The *Dandolo* is, as to tonnage, a sister ship, with the same horse-power, with a slightly deeper draught. The new ships building are one of 13,000 tons, the others of 11,000 tons. The *Italia*, the largest ship in service, is of 13,900 tons, with 18,000 horse-power, and a speed of 18 knots. Her guns are of the heaviest. There are four other ships running over 13,000 tons, and each is presented as having a speed of 18 knots, derived from an indicated horse-power of 19,500. Most of these vessels have armor of 22 inches, and turrets 19 inches thick. Of the smaller ships, the *Amerigo Vespucci* represents the best type of the second class. Her displacement in metric tons is 2533, her horse-power 3696, and she has a speed of 15 knots. There can be little question that the *Duilio* and *Dandolo*, of the central citadel type, are among the most powerful ships in the world, with a destructive energy which can hardly be measured. The Italian navy has a total of 40,000 men, though in case of war, with the reserve, her total would include close to 63,000 men. For expenses, ordinary and extraordinary, Italy spent on her navy, in 1890, 121,465,219 lire. To meet this heavy outlay, Italy has a debt of 451,000,000 pounds sterling.

Providing the expectations of our capable Secretary of the Navy are fulfilled, some time in 1893 we may have a 27,122 tonnage of first-class vessels, and of second-class vessels a tonnage of 19,463, or a total of 46,585. Suppose two navies be constructed, a possible 46,585, with a pretty nearly certain navy tonnage in first, second, and third class vessels of 196,286? The Italian navy has actually more than four tons to one of ours, and our own navy is only in the far future, and therefore, useless as a comparison.

## A SUNDAY AT VERSAILLES.

That good Americans when they die go to Paris is considered to be so faithful an expression of our devotion to that city that it has been promoted almost to the rank of a proverb; but if it were true in fact, it is doubtful whether the best of Americans who made the unsubstantial pleasure trip in the summer months would gain a very great advantage over the wicked Americans who go—well, who do not go to Paris, at all events. For Paris in August is hot, portentously hot. The broad bright streets and interminable ranges of white buildings burn blindingly under the noon-day sun, and though the walls seem to fling back the rays of heat until they strike the perspiring pedestrian with wellnigh the force of a physical blow, they yet absorb sufficient caloric to render the nights long-drawn periods of stifling penance. Sight-seeing under these conditions becomes a labor, and we were congratulating ourselves, as we loafed in the moderately cool darkness of our sitting-room one Sunday afternoon, that there was really nothing that we *ought* to



THE "ITALIA."

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* *Modern Ships of War.* By Sir Edward J. Reed, M.P., late Chief Constructor of the British Navy, and Edward Simpson, Rear-Admiral, U.S.N., late President United States Naval Advisory Board. With Supplementary Chapters by J. D. Jerrold Kelley, Lieutenant, U.S.N. Illustrated. New York: Harper & Brothers.

do. The restless stamping of the wretched cab horses roasting on the street outside; the rattle and jingle of their harness as they strove to repel the swarming hosts of pertinacious flies; the tinkling of the coco-sellers' bells; the disheartened chirrup of the sparrows, those usually irrepressible *gamins* of the bird world; and the warm tarry smell that floated in between the slanted slats of the Venetian-blinds from the melting, blistering asphalt—all combined to assure us that our laziness was merely a justifiable self-protection against asphyxia and sunstroke.

Suddenly the bearer of the camera, a desperate "shot" hunter, whom no degree of centigrade can daunt, broke the silence, undisturbed till then save by an occasional gasp, or by the musical clink of ice against the sides of tumblers. He had been indolently scanning the advertisements of a morning paper, and when he threw it into a corner and sprang to his feet, we groaned in anticipation, for we knew that he had found some painful pleasure that we were missing at our ease.

"Say, you people," he shouted—positively shouted—"wake up and come on, or we shall be too late!"

"Too late for what?" drawled one of us.

"For Versailles."

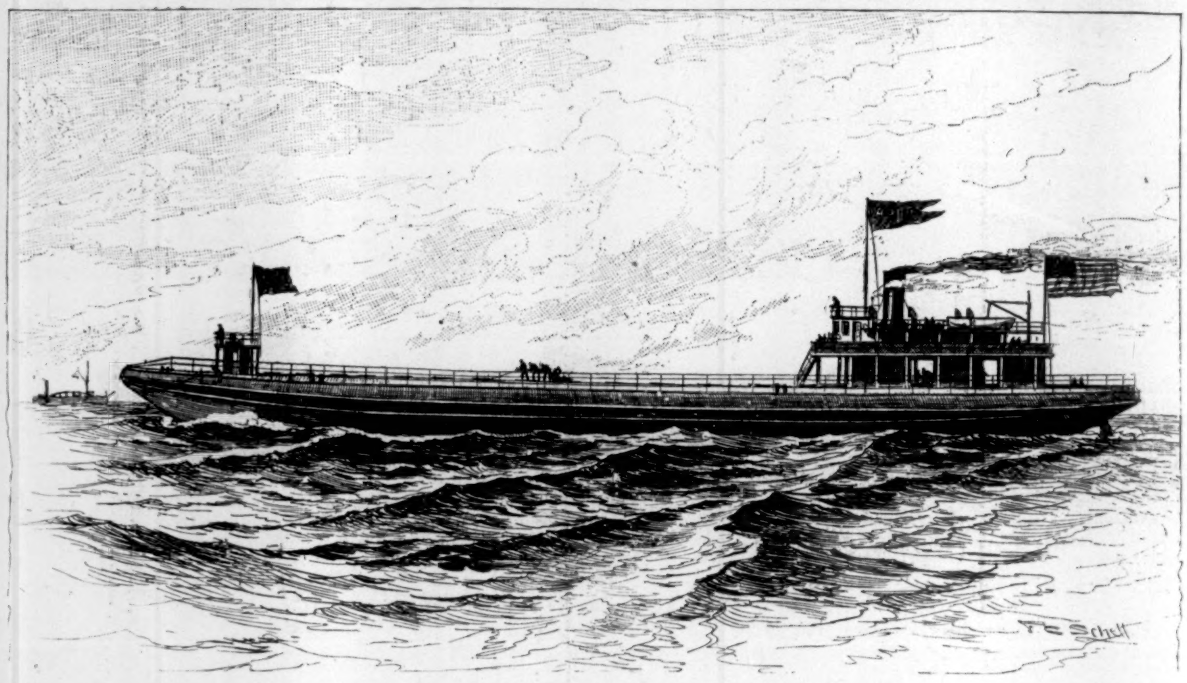
"Hang Versailles! We've done it. We've tramped through all those courts and galleries, and seen all those pictures and portraits, and I don't want to have Louis Quatorze or Marie Antoinette mentioned to me again in ten years."

"Yes; but you haven't seen the fountains play. What are you going to feel like when you are asked far away in the West what you thought of the water-works which the people of Paris turn on for your benefit, free of charge, once a month, at a cost of ten thousand francs to themselves, and when you are forced to confess that you wouldn't go and see them? There's two thousand dollars' worth of water being spurted into the air over there, and you've got to come and witness the performance."

Of course we had to go; the bearer of the camera is not to be gainsaid when he has once made up his mind, and truly there was a pleasant suggestion of freshness about fountains that day. We needed those imaginings of flashing waters to support us during the forty minutes' railway journey from the Gave Montparnasse on the Rive Gauche. We ought to have started long before to avoid the thronging crowds that filled the station and the trains, but our tyrant declared that this was the chance he sought for securing some photographs of typical Parisians, and from that point of view our weakly abandonment of our desire to drive was justified. There were sixteen people in our carriage, and all undoubted types.

The Petites Eaux were already playing vigorously when we arrived, and the frogs and tortoises on the red marble steps of the Bassin de Latone were bombarding the white marble goddess with liquid shafts as we made our way—past an orange-tree that was young when François Premier was king, nearly five centuries ago—to the great Bassin de Neptune; for we had decided to wait there for the Grandes Eaux, instead of thrusting with the rabble from sight to sight. During the pause "the guardian of the guidebook" insisted upon giving us all the information she could find. How the palace and grounds cost $200,000,000; how an aqueduct to supply the fountains was to have been made to Maintenon, 31 miles away, but was abandoned because so many soldiers died at the unwholesome work; how the water is now obtained from Marly, some eight miles to the north, where it is pumped up 500 feet, from the Seine below, at the rate of 38,550 cubic feet an hour; how— But here, happily, the fountains began. Up, up into the air soared the snowy columns of rushing water, until the topmost foam feathers were dancing and glancing against the blue background of the summer sky, 75 feet above the many-colored flower bed of spectators. For twenty minutes we gazed and wondered, too absorbed by the dazzling beauty and radiance of the scene to attempt to exchange opinions above the roar and splash of the countless water jets, and then, slowly, as they had bourgeoned from the level surface, they withered away, and nothing but the tumbling ripples and last twinkling drops remained to speak of the glory that had been. As we drove back in the twilight after dinner we passed a vote of thanks to the "bearer of the snap-shot camera," and agreed that the discomforts of the heat and burden of the day had been repaid a thousandfold.

MALCOLM BELL.



TRAFFIC ON THE GREAT LAKES—THE "COLGATE HOYT."

## THE POSSIBILITY OF COMMERCE ON THE GREAT LAKES.

THE traffic on the Great Lakes for 1890 was large and profitable to the carriers. As compared with 1889, it showed fully as great an average volume with no very remarkable variations. The principal articles in which there was an increase of considerable amount over 1889 were flour, barley, feed, lumber, laths, lard, and lead. The principal articles showing a decrease were wheat, corn, oats, rye, shingles, seed, and wool. Taking all grain together, there was a decrease of 1,305,662 bushels; but adding flour in the shape of wheat, there was an increase of 670,652 bushels. In both 1889 and 1890 the total of all grain, including flour reduced to wheat, was almost 120,000,000 bushels. The 118,958,102 bushels carried by lake in 1890, if put into railroad cars, each holding 600 bushels, would have filled 198,263 cars averaging about forty feet in extreme length. If they were coupled together they would make a train 1502 miles long, or an unbroken string of cars extending from New York to nearly 500 miles west of Chicago. It would have taken 1081 propellers like the *Colgate Hoyt*, the *America*, or the *Emily P. Weed* to carry this quantity of grain, provided each of them took 110,000 bushels for a load. The grain would have loaded 14,870 canal-boats holding 8000 bushels each. It was moved for the most part to Buffalo from Chicago, West Superior, Duluth, and Milwaukee.

Aside from grain, 8,500,000 tons of iron ore were brought from the Lake Superior mines to ports upon Lake Erie in 1890. This was an increase of 3,500,000 tons over 1888, and of 3,800,000 tons over 1887.

In both 1889 and 1890 about 3,500,000 tons of coal were shipped from the seven ports on Lake Erie as the return cargo to the upper lakes. The seven ports can handle 75,000 tons daily along their sixteen miles of docks. The latest appliances have made it possible both to load and to unload in about one-tenth of the time formerly required by hand. While grain, iron, and coal are the largest items in the carrying trade of the Great Lakes, yet there is a present tendency to carry miscellaneous freight that has formerly been transported by the railroads.

This immense traffic by water has been made possible by the building of vessels of a larger size than has hitherto been attempted upon the Great Lakes. The average tonnage of vessels built for the carrying trade did not reach more than 1000 tons until within the last ten years. About that distance back a large number of vessels for the carrying of grain, coal, and iron were built after the manner used to some extent on the Erie Canal. In fact, they were merely enlargements of the steam canal-boat and its consort—the engine being placed in the forward boat and the consort depending upon the engine of that boat for its motive power. While such a method as this was an improvement upon the old style of propellers, and even upon the large sizes of sailing craft, yet it was found that the margin of profit was too small. The gain or loss of a single round trip often made the difference between paying a dividend or not paying it. So the development of the immense freight carriers that have been built within the last three or four years came about through the natural demand of capitalists for a fair return upon their investments.

On the lakes the shallow harbors and river passages, the sudden storms, the necessity of frequently transferring cargo, and many other inland features have placed the navigators on quite a different footing from all others. Lacking the length of time necessary to invest the lakes with romance such as is enjoyed by the shores and harbors of the Mediterranean, the Sault Canal, a passage of little account half a dozen years ago, has already outstripped the famed Suez Canal in its traffic, and the vessels passing through it are now equal in size to any of the ocean craft except those of the first class. An expert in steam-ships came from Liverpool last summer to make a tour of the great lakes. He expressed his surprise at the excellence of the lake-built vessels, and he declared that they would compare well with the steamers built on the Clyde, and that in some respects they were superior.

About 1883 the building of iron ships was begun on the upper lakes, but within the past three years the use of light steel has taken its place. The number of iron and steel vessels built in 1887 was 31; in 1888, 60; in 1889, 59; in 1890 (estimated), 50. The value of the vessels built has risen from $4,000,000 in 1887 to $8,500,000 in 1890. While the number of vessels built in 1890 was not as great as it was in 1889, yet the difference in the carrying capacity, or the gross tonnage, was remarkable. The gross tonnage of the vessels built in 1887 was only 66,000; in 1888 and 1889 it was a trifle over 100,000; but in 1890 it amounted to almost 150,000. Cleveland leads all other ports on the lakes for the number and tonnage of vessels built. Taken by customs districts, the tonnage of the leading ports on the lakes is as follows: Cleveland, 205,855; Buffalo, 153,027; Detroit, 137,359; Huron, 136,026; Milwaukee, 96,854; Chicago, 71,964.

The latest figures show that the average vessel of the new tonnage on the Great Lakes is far in excess of the average vessel of the new tonnage built along the American seacoasts. The ship-builders upon the lakes are taking great pride in the new vessels that are being produced every year at more than a dozen ship-yards. Until the year 1890 there seemed to be no effort to change the standard model of building vessels upon the lakes. The first steamers used for carrying freight upon the lakes had rather broad and blunt bows, after the manner of canal-boats. Then the bow was lengthened, until some of the lake vessels have almost as graceful lines as any of the ocean craft. They were all built upon the principle that a heavy draught and a deep bow were required to fight the waves, after the manner of a salt-water steamer. But in 1889 a wholly different theory was advanced by Captain Alexander McDougall, that a vessel could ride the waves with less resistance than to cut them through with a deep and sharp bow. So Captain McDougall, a Scotchman from the Clyde, designed what is called the "whale-back." After the appearance of the first one, known as "101," he formed the American Steel Barge Company, became its general manager, and built seven more of the same model at Duluth, after which the plant was moved to West Superior, adjoining Duluth. The most celebrated vessel on the lakes is the *Colgate Hoyt*, of which an illustration is given. This steamer has a length of 276 feet and a beam of 36 feet. While the vessel draws from 15 to 16 feet when loaded—about the same draught as the large vessels of the usual model—yet the depth of the *Colgate Hoyt* is only 22 feet, as against 25 to 30 for the other vessels. The registered tonnage is 1008, but the carrying capacity is 2420 tons, or 84,100 bushels of grain. The engines are fore and aft compound; the diameters of the cylinders are 26 and 48 inches, and the stroke is 42 inches. Steam is furnished from two Scotch boilers, with a pressure of 130 pounds to the square inch. The *Colgate Hoyt* made the best time on record on her trial trip from Duluth to Buffalo. The best day's mileage made by this boat was 398. As many as 17 miles an hour have been made with a light load, and 13 miles an hour with a heavy load. The average speed with a moderate load is 14¾ miles an hour.

In October, 1890, the *Colgate Hoyt* came down the Detroit River in company with the *Maruba* and the *Thomas W. Palmer*, both of the latter being vessels of the standard model. It was claimed at the time that the *Palmer* beat the *Colgate Hoyt* and the *Maruba*. The explanations said to have been given by two of the captains show a peculiarity that is perhaps not confined to mariners upon the Great Lakes.

Captain of the *Maruba*: "Well, let me tell you the truth of the whole thing. The *Hoyt* wanted a brush, and I thought I'd give it to her. I didn't want to beat her bad; just wanted to worry along close to her. I didn't know the *Palmer* wanted a race. I would have given her one if her captain had just asked for it. I never noticed him. If I had, I would have run him out of sight in six hours. I could do it without much trouble, too."

Reporter to captain of *Colgate Hoyt*: "What is the reason you didn't beat the *Palmer* and *Maruba?* Can't you make the run in less than nineteen hours?"

Captain of *Colgate Hoyt*: "Those fellows were racing by themselves. I didn't know they were racing. If I had, I would have run both out of sight in four hours. I wasn't in good racing shape either. Two of the firemen were sick, the engineer was sick, and we had a lot of dust, stones, and iron ore for fuel. If those fellows think that they can race, let them come on."

The "whale-back" has a bow shaped like the small end of a cigar, and the deck is arched, like the back of a turtle or a whale, almost from the water's edge. There are no upper works, in the ordinary sense of the term, except a small turret at either end of the craft. The retreating cut-water makes the bow resemble that of a steamer on the Western rivers. "Whale-backs" are built of various dimensions. The size of their engines is small in comparison with vessels that will carry as large loads. It is claimed that they can make better speed with a large load than vessels of any other model can attain. The most expensive of the "whale-backs," the *Colgate Hoyt*, cost about $140,000, or half the cost of the larger vessels built after the standard model, with deeply penetrating bows. It is also claimed that vessels of the latter model cannot make money in competition with the "whale-backs," which are built with nothing in view but a maximum carrying capacity at a minimum cost; and that the next season, with several more "whale-backs" in commission, will show the advantage of this model over all others.

In Captain McDougall's ship-yard at West Superior about 1000 men are constantly employed in turning out a fleet of "whale-backs," and one of them is launched about every sixty days during the busy season. Seven vessels of this type are now under way. A branch of the yard has been established in Brooklyn, and two "whale-backs" have already been launched at that place. They were known as the "201" and the "202," and they had a capacity of 1800 tons each. Larger vessels of the same sort are to be built at the Brooklyn yard. They will be used in the coasting trade between New Bedford and Baltimore, carrying coal on the southern trip and miscellaneous freight on the northern trip.

If the "whale-back" is to be the coming model of freight carrier, the fact will be demonstrated upon the Great Lakes within the next two years. The building of boats upon the lakes and the rates for carrying freight have both been based upon a draught of 15 feet. The appropriation made by the United States government for the work in progress on the Sault Ste. Marie Canal will give a depth of 20 feet. This will make it necessary to deepen the channel through the flats of the St. Clair. It is known that parties are ready to guarantee the building of ships that will carry 6000 tons if 18 feet of water is secured; and of 8000 to 10,000 tons if 20 feet of water is secured. Should vessels of the latter draught be built to reach Buffalo from Duluth, and should the navigable 30 miles of the upper Hudson be deepened, as is proposed before Congress, the speedy enlargement of the Erie Canal will follow. It will then be possible for lake steamers of the largest size to pass through to New York, or even to Europe. The battle between the "whale-backs" and the standard model of the freight-carrying vessel has evidently just commenced. It will be interesting to watch the progress of the contest, and to see which will be the winner.

# AMATEUR SPORT

UNLESS SOMETHING UNFORESEEN happens in the mean time, when that Yale-Harvard race comes off at New London, it will be the most exciting of any we have seen in years. There appears to be no great difference in the two crews. Each has had considerable material to develop, and both have shown steady improvement. As I watched the Harvard men on the river, I saw enough to convince me that Harvard boating is decidedly alive. To be sure, it was barge rowing, but there was a certain regularity to the "beat" which pleased me greatly.

CAPTAIN PERKINS WAS STROKING, and I confess I was pleasantly surprised in him. If his endurance proves equal to the demands of the position, he is unquestionably the man for the place. His work is made much easier by having a man like Kelton at seven than it would be if a weaker oar were trying to back him up. He gives a fairly good "beat" to the stroke, and his form is a little above the average. How much of the drive he has in him I cannot say, for he has never been put to the test. It won't take many weeks to settle this point, however. Kelton, in spite of the fact that he is rowing on the opposite side of the boat from where he worked last year, is doing extremely well. He bids fair to pull as strong an oar as was ever the boast of any '79 man, and what is more, he will pull it as well. Vail, at six, while by no means what might be called a finished oar, is nevertheless doing well; at least his faults are not noticeable enough to immediately attract attention. If he keeps at it, and uses his brains as well as his muscles, he will be able to take a portion of the load from Kelton's shoulders.

RANTOUL, AT FIVE, was the first break in the boat. He does not appear to quite fill the place; a little out of the swing, a trifle behind; he would do better if he were nearer the bow. Powers, at four, was rowing smoothly, but his stroke was not a particularly strong one; not a good clean sweep from start to finish. Shaw, who sat behind him, had apparently some difficulty in following him. Shaw's work shows marked improvement since I saw him last, in February, and is evidently the result of personal interest and painstaking efforts. He has the strength; the skill and finished style will come later, unless I am much mistaken in the man. What glorious work we should see in all our college teams and crews if every man were actuated by a like impulse, rather than an impassive acceptance necessitating the coach to positively drum in his instruction! Leyman, at two, was rowing in much improved form. His movements were not so stiff, and more in accordance with those of the other men in the boat. Evidently the private coaching he has been receiving from Mr. Watson has not been thrown away. Cummings, at bow, was working well, and in a promising manner. Jones, Shaw, and Watriss were not out.

SUMMING UP THE IMPRESSION made by the crew, to be brief, it was, generally speaking, favorable. The points which I particularly noted were: men in good condition, with plenty of beef; a good "beat" to the stroke, with ample power to sustain it; excellent inboard work in fairly good time, and with a long easy swing. On the other hand, the watermanship is not what it should be, even this early in the season. It was not so good as that shown by the '93 crew, which I had seen only a few moments previously. The crew must absolutely pay more attention to pair-oar work, and that very soon, or the men will find themselves sadly out of place when they get into their shell. It is too early in the season's work to criticise the finer points of individual work, but there is room for great improvement in each man's catch and finish, and in handling his oar when going against the wind. The first principle of watermanship, "keep your oar off the water on the recover," seems thus far to be entirely unknown to the majority of the crew. The exhibition of splashing to which I was treated would have been deplorable in a scratch crew.

THE QUESTION NOW ARISES, What will Harvard do for a coach? Adams has really done very well with the men, but the time has arrived when their work must be supervised by a more critical eye. They are just at that period when failure to eradicate errors is likely to make them habitual and serious. It is gratifying to note that the advice given on this subject in this column a month ago has had the desired effect, at least to a limited extent. Mr. Harry Keyes, whom we named as the proper man for this very important post, will take the men in hand this week for a few days' coaching, and I shall expect to see rapid improvement in the handling of oars. It is not enough that Mr. Keyes remains with the crew a few days; in some way or another, he must be induced to stay at Cambridge from now until the crew goes to New London. This is made necessary by the fact that Harvard, unlike Yale, has changed her policy so often that it has been impossible to develop any superior coaching material at the college. Mr. Keyes turned out last season one of the best crews Harvard has had in many years, and if a race is ever to be won from Yale, the lines must be picked up where they were left last year. Harry Keyes is the man to do it, and now is the day and hour for work. On this basis, and under Keyes, I see no reason why Harvard should not send a fast crew to New London; without him, and a return to the same old erratic policy, and the 'varsity candidates might as well put up their oars now, and save the expense of a trip to New London.

I HAD A HASTY GLANCE at the Yale crew the last afternoon it worked on the Schuylkill River under coach Cook. It was just finishing two hours of stiff work, and hardly to be recognized as the one of two weeks previous. The crew were greatly improved, particularly in the recovery. Their hands went away quickly, smoothly, and uniformly; their slides went up slowly, steadily, no rushing down to the catch with a jerk, the boat's progress never being retarded in the slightest. Hagerman has improved so much that he is sure to become one of the best men in the boat. There are great hopes of Heffelfinger, who is much ahead of his last year's form. Paine, the other heavy weight, is also doing well, and altogether Yale is feeling considerably encouraged. We will have a look at the men when they get settled once again at New Haven, and see if they retain the advantages gained in the Easter vacation trip.

THE PRINCETON-HARVARD BASE-BALL situation remains unchanged at this writing. Harvard has not yet replied to Princeton's request to name dates satisfactory to the Advisory Committee, and in the mean time the undergraduates at Cambridge are beginning to realize the ludicrous position they occupy. There is a strong probability that this and other matters will lead to a rebellion, at being treated like school-boys of no judgment, and an eventual emancipation from the labyrinth of abominable committees that hamper Harvard athletes is sure to follow.

AFTER THE NEW YORK ALUMNI of Yale and Harvard had shown sufficient interest in the matter to offer a $500 cup for an annual competition in athletics between the two, the least return, it seems, would have been to accept it graciously. On Saturday the representatives as provided in the Deed of Gift met. Yale was ready to accept; but Harvard, notwithstanding the fact that the Deed of Gift had been at Cambridge two weeks, as usual wished to do so provisionally; or, in other words, the Harvard representatives must run home and consult one or more of the various committees before giving a decision. More sportsmanship and less legislation is what we desire.

THE PLAIN STATEMENT OF FACTS in this column last week regarding the proposed revolver championship has awakened sportsmen to the absurdity of the affair, and unless a change, and a radical one at that, is made in the present conditions, the best shots in the country are not likely to enter. All sensible sportsmen are protesting loudly against conducting a national championship on such a narrow basis. A. C. Gould, editor of *Shooting and Fishing*, a strong writer and thorough sportsman, sent out an able editorial protest last week, and all are joining in the crusade against this farcical championship. It seems remarkable that any one could be found to father so silly an affair as a revolver championship on a twenty-yard range in-doors, and with the whole country as a shooting-ground. It sounds very much like a scheme we should expect to see concocted by the shooting-gallery owners of the country to make profitable an otherwise dull season. It is out of all question to say that a contest shot in different sections of the country would be a correct comparison of skill. It would be as sensible as to declare that shooting in a gallery with light charges represents the capabilities of either man or revolver. There are plenty of sportsmen in this country who would be glad to see an amateur revolver championship, and willing to lend their support, but not to any such affair as this thing proposed, with its silly conditions of a twenty-yard in-door range, the entire United States as shooting-field, and the shots limited to six.

THE FINAL MEETING in the jumping contests at The Riding Club, to decide the winner of the Challenge Cup offered by Mr. J. Henry Alexandre, and the Consolation Cup given by Mr. Iselin, was held March 30th. Miss Cary, having second score in the champion contest, held the Challenge Cup, which she must win twice before it became her personal property. **Mr. Reynal**, on his horse Schooner, rode against Miss Cary on Susan. Neither one of the animals jumped up to its best form. Susan knocked down a hurdle; Schooner was hampered by his rider's hands, and a tie was declared. In the jump off Miss Cary rode admirably, Susan tipped only twice, frequently jumping from a trot; while Schooner made one bad fault at the high hurdle, which gave Susan the blue ribbon and cup. In the contest for the Consolation Cup, Morgan, owned by Mr. Beadleston, and ridden by Mr. Fred Bull, and Mr. H. Willet's horse, both made the circuit successfully, but were beaten by Schooner, which, although hitting a hurdle, jumped most cleverly, taking off too close, however, in consequence of the pull his rider kept upon him.

THUS ENDS A COMPETITION which in its way has accomplished a deal for the general equestrian education, and yet shown how much more can be done in the future. Of course the chief object of these jumping contests is to give a firmness of seat and general confidence that are not to be obtained in any other way half so thoroughly, and which are absolutely necessary if cross-country riding is to be taken up. Incidentally a certain amount of schooling is given the horse. When it is evident, therefore, that the competition is held from an entirely practical stand-point, it would be wise to simulate as nearly as possible the jumping one actually is apt to have in the field. In the recent contest at The Riding Club the height and arrangement of jumps were the same each night of the competition throughout the entire ten weeks. A contest of this kind is, to be sure, better than none at all, though it does get a horse into a sort of circus tread-mill; but it can be improved upon immeasurably, to the advantage of both rider and animal. There was height enough, but not sufficient variety. With all the facilities the club has at command, nothing should be wanting for practical drilling. Why not a hedge, a rail fence, something resembling a water jump? A very interesting and useful series of contests could be held over a course laid out on these lines.

THE MATCH AT RACQUETS between Mr. J. S. Tooker and Mr. L. H. Morgan for the championship of the Boston Athletic Association was very closely contested. Mr. Morgan has shown greatly improved form this season, and he made a gallant battle, his side wall placing being particularly clever. It required five games to settle the match, and that it was hotly contested is shown by the scores, 17–15, 13–15, 16–18, 15–12, 18–17. The handicap tournament of the New York club finished last week has been, on the whole, a very satisfactory showing. The average form displayed was an improvement over last year, and though the entries could easily have been much larger, the general interest was very gratifying. Some of the men did particularly well, showing an encouraging advancement in their play. My suggestions of several weeks ago in regard to increasing the number of handicap tournaments have met with considerable favor, all the active members being greatly inclined to the idea. Several years ago the late William R. Travers, then president of the club, offered a cup which created a great deal of interest, and brought out many players. Has the club no sportsmen like Mr. Travers left in its ranks?

THE QUESTION UPPERMOST in the minds of racquet men just now is, on whom shall they place their money in the match for the championship of America, which begins in the New York Racquet Club court one week from to-day. Is it De Garmendia or Tooker? Probably no one was more astonished at the victory of Mr. Tooker over Mr. De Garmendia in the championship of the New York Club than Mr. Tooker himself. There is no doubt that the prestige a player attains who has become as formidable and held the championship so long as Mr. De Garmendia is, nine times out of ten, calculated to work to his advantage. This becomes a considerable handicap to a man who is at all likely to go to pieces at critical points of the game. Until this season Mr. Tooker has not shown himself equal to such an occasion, and it was therefore very generally believed that, expert as he is, the mere realization of his opponent's prowess would of itself lose him the game. Having defeated a player heretofore considered invincible, he has necessarily gained great confidence in his play, and should by all rights put up even a better game than he did in the first match. His service is strong, his placing wonderfully accurate and difficult of returning, and his back-hand play is excellent.

ON THE OTHER HAND, two very important points must be considered in weighing Mr. De Garmendia's chances for success. First, he is a player of at least equal skill to Mr. Tooker, and in addition he is a veteran of wide experience and great resource. It should further be remembered that in his game with Mr. Tooker for the club championship he began with the utmost confidence in his ability to win. The match was half over before he realized he had an opponent with whom he could not do as he pleased, and very likely he found himself in a condition that many another man accustomed to having matters all his own way has experienced—he lost his nerve. At any rate, he did not that day play his best game. In the coming match he will enter the court with a full appreciation of Mr. Tooker's ability, and a determination to play the game of his life. In the mean time both are practising and improving their form. Mr. De Garmendia's service is very puzzling; he gives a terrific cut to the ball, and his placing is as accurate as and more consistent than Mr. Tooker's. In around-the-court play they are about equal. It is a difficult decision to make, but Mr. De Garmendia seems to be a few points better than his very worthy opponent.

WHAT WITH THE DISCUSSION over measurements and speculation as to the winner among the half-dozen new 46-footers now in construction, yachtsmen are having plenty to occupy their attention nowadays. The Corinthian Yacht Club Sweepstakes at Newport has been for the past two years the most important event of the year from a racing point of view. Last season the stir in 40-footers, and especially the rivalry between *Minerva* and *Gossoon*, made the event particularly noteworthy. This year every one wants a 46-footer, and the sweepstakes will be for that class, though practically giving the 40-footers a chance by starting the two classes together, and adding part of the money of each to the prize for the first boat home on corrected time as per the club measurement $\left(\frac{\sqrt{\text{s. a.}}+\text{l. w. l.}}{2}\right)$. There is also every probability of a sweepstakes for 30-footers, the Boston yachtsmen being especially desirous of such a race.

OF THE NEW CLASS, but one, August Belmont's *Mineola*, by Burgess, has at this writing been launched, and it is hardly likely that any of the others, probably Cornelius Vanderbilt's unnamed, also a Burgess, excepted, will be seen in the New York Yacht Club's annual race on June 18th. In nearly every one of the projected yachts some pet idea seems to have been carried out in the construction, as shown by the recently published drawings and estimates of Mr. A. G. McVey. *Mineola* has a draught of 10 feet 5 inches; beam at deck, 13 feet 6 inches; beam at load water-line, 13 feet. *Oweenah*, a Burgess, of A. B. Turner, of Boston: draught, 11 feet; beam, 13 feet 5 inches; l. w. l., 12 feet 10 inches. Bayard Thayer's unknown, a Burgess: draught, 10 feet 5 inches; beam, 13 feet; l. w. l., 12 feet 6 inches. The centre-board, a Burgess, owned by Charles Prince, Dr. Bryant, *et al.*, which rumor says will be called *Satan*: draught, 7 feet 6 inches; beam, 16 feet 1 inch; l. w. l., 15 feet 7 inches. The Vanderbilt boat: draught, 10 feet 5 inches, beam, 12 feet 8 inches; l. w. l., 12 feet 6 inches. C. H. W. Foster's *Barbara*, a creation of William Fife, the Scotch designer: draught, 9 feet 7 inches, beam, 12 feet 10 inches; l. w. l., 11 feet 6 inches. The *Scarecrow*, the production of General Paine and his son: draught, 9 feet; beam, 13 feet 9 inches; l. w. l., 13 feet 4 inches. Besides these there is the boat of J. Rogers Maxwell, now building from a design by Wintringham, and also one of E. D. Morgan's, now under way at Herreshoff's. With this variety of design there is extreme interest evinced as to which yacht will prove the fastest, and some of the best racing in a decade is promised.

BOTH *Minerva* AND *Gossoon* will very likely meet in the sweepstakes. The Adams brothers are eager for another go at the Fife production, and Mr. Carroll is probably not averse to gratifying them. Their race last year was the event of the season, but it necessitated the Sailing Committee of the Corinthian Club's figuring all winter to decide upon *Minerva* as the winner. The work of this yacht was really extremely praiseworthy. She parted her port rigging, which, of course, had to be repaired, two minutes before the preparatory gun, and was actually handicapped something over five minutes. That she should have, on a triangular course, with a flawless wholesale breeze, made up this handicap and beaten *Gossoon* over a twenty-five-mile course was—considering the Boston boat had been built to beat her, and her enormous advantage in light construction (*Minerva* being especially substantial to enable her, as she did, to cross the Atlantic on her own bottom)—a really wonderful performance.

THE SEAWANHAKA CORINTHIAN CLUB is making excellent provision for the season by proposing a much-needed amendment to the section governing passing and rounding marks. The following, in italics, is the intended change, and a worthy one it is:

"*Section* 13.—If an overlap exists between two yachts when both of them, without tacking, are about to pass a mark on the required side, then the outside yacht must give the inside yacht room to pass clear of the mark; *provided she can do so without tacking or throwing herself into the wind.* A yacht shall not, however, be justified in attempting to establish an overlap and thus force a passage between another yacht and the mark, after the latter has altered her helm for the purpose of rounding."

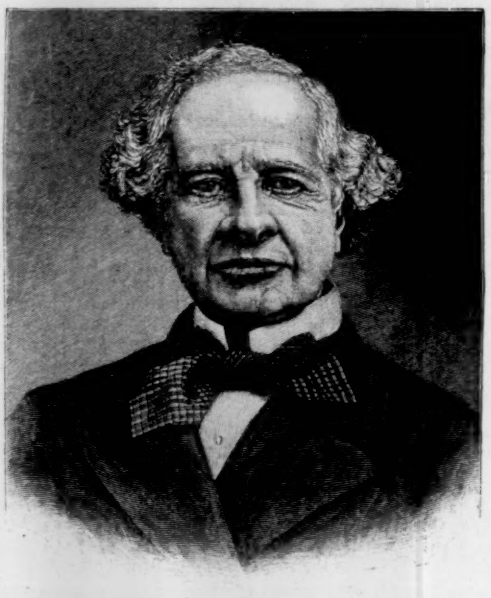
The Larchmont Club, which showed more activity than any other yachting organization last year, will give still greater evidence of prosperity this. Thus far the events positively decided upon are the spring races in June, and the handicap event July 4th.

WITH THE OPENING of the trout season, April 1st, comes the comforting assurance that the days of that *bête noire* of all true sportsmen, vulgarly but most appropriately called the "trout hog," are numbered. Time was, and not so long ago either, when quantity rather than quality gauged the sportsman's prowess. In consequence we saw anglers strutting about with great strings (for such as these knew no creel) of tiny fish, utterly useless save to tickle the conceit of the boasting angler. These fingerling fishermen have had their day. Sportsmen, and, indeed, all sensible people, have finally realized that depleting streams of these baby fish is harmful. Clubs have added their influence to crushing out the baneful practice by stimulating the latent sportsmanship through offering prizes for the largest fish of the season. And thus we hear of the pot-hunter's decline.

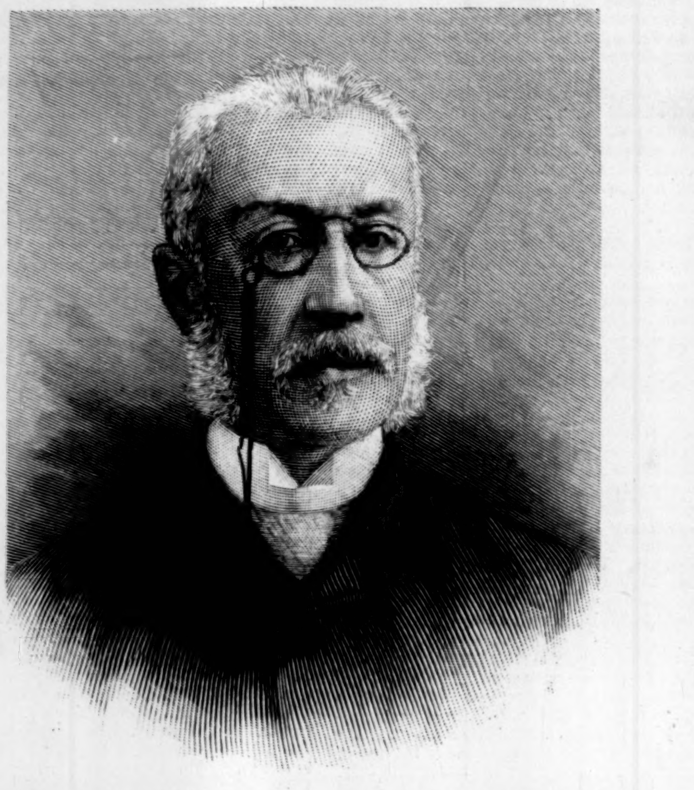
CASPAR W. WHITNEY.

## THE LATE ENGLISH LIBERAL LEADER.

THE Right Honorable Granville George Leveson Gower, second Earl Granville, K.G., died in London March 31st. He was son of the first Earl, and born May 11, 1815. At the age of nineteen he took his degree at Christ Church, Oxford. His father was then ambassador at Paris, and the young man, who was known as Lord Leveson, entered the diplomatic service, and was attaché to the embassy. In 1836, soon after attaining his majority, he became member for Morpeth, and was elected to the House of Commons. He at once identified himself with the Liberal party, and first held office in 1840, as Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs. This was the second Melbourne administration, and Viscount Palmerston, afterward Premier, was his chief. He resigned the office in a short time, and entered Parliament as member from Litchfield. The furtherance of free-trade and repeal of the Corn Laws was his particular work in the House, until he succeeded to the earldom on the death of his father, in 1846. Upon the formation of the second cabinet by Sir John Russell in 1851, Earl Granville was Paymaster-General, and later on the successor of Lord Palmerston to the Foreign Office. When the Earl of Aberdeen formed the new ministry in 1853, Granville became President of the Council and government leader in the House of Lords. He went to St. Petersburg in 1856 as special ambassador at the coronation of the Czar Alexander II. He held a place in a number of succeeding administrations, and was made Secretary for the Colonies when Mr. Gladstone formed his first ministry in 1870; later he took the Foreign Office. The ministry fell in 1874, and a year later Mr. Gladstone announced his retirement from the leadership of the Liberal party, whereupon Earl Granville took the lead in the House of Lords. Mr. Gladstone came forth again in 1880 and formed his second ministry, and the Earl went into office under him, also in the third ministry. His other posts have been almost without number, and in all his actions he has impressed dignity and culture upon whatever he came in contact with. He lacked the brilliancy and sparkle of many men, and he was never confronted with any serious crisis during his terms of office, but being a sturdy worker and a good follower where his chiefs led it will be hard to fill his place. Being a scholar, his speeches were always good, and when the burden of leadership fell upon him he proved his worth by conscientious and praiseworthy work. Lord Rosebery, who will succeed to the leader's place in the House of Lords, is one of the rising men in England among the younger generation of Lords. Outside of politics Earl Granville was the holder of many honorable posts, among them being the Chancellorship of the University of London. He was also senior Knight of the Garter.



EARL GRANVILLE, K. G., THE LATE LEADER OF THE LIBERAL PARTY IN ENGLAND.



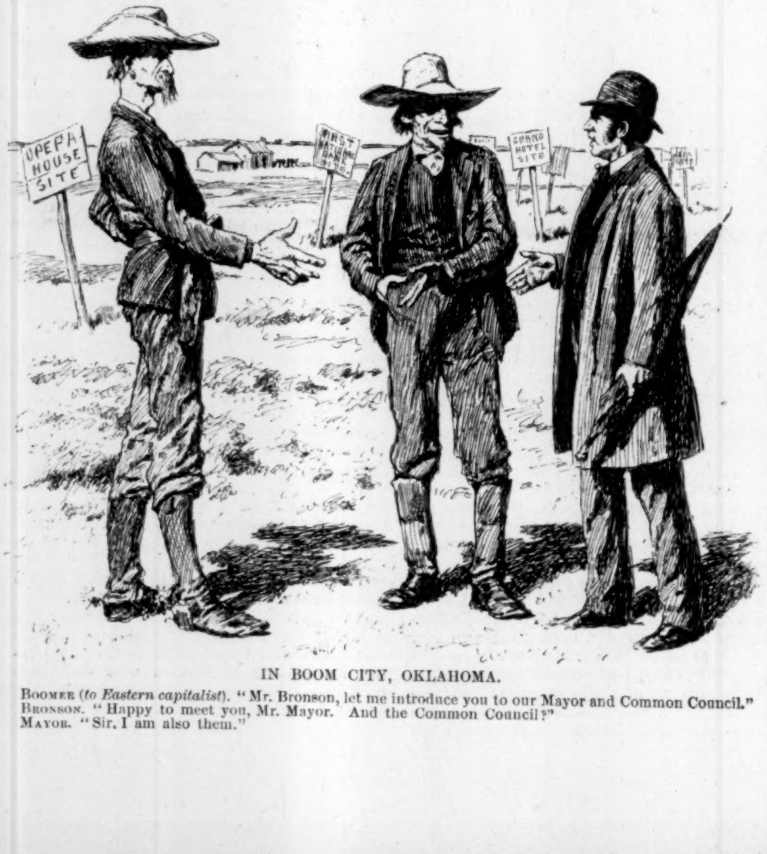
BARON FAVA, THE ITALIAN MINISTER WHO HAS BEEN RECALLED.

## ITALY'S "CRISPINADE."

ALTHOUGH the hasty and injudicious action of the Italian cabinet in ordering Baron Fava to present his letters of recall to the President of the United States has received the endorsement of that section of the European press which is distinguished by its inveterate hostility to everything American, yet it cannot fail to give rise to a feeling very much akin to contempt on the part of the principal governments of the Old World. It constitutes but one more illustration of that lamentable lack of diplomatic experience and of matured statesmanship which has been so conspicuous in many phases of the foreign policy of the United Kingdom of Italy. A parvenu among the nations of the first rank, it seeks to assert its claim to consideration as one of the great powers by a series of noisy and ill-considered *coups* of a Bombastes Furioso character, which are stigmatized in Europe as "Crispinades." The name in question is due to the fact that most of them were perpetrated during the Premiership of Signor Crispi, and the word is now used to describe every kind of empty threat or blustering menace. Backdowns and ignominious withdrawals from the aggressive attitude assumed in the first place necessarily follow. Nor does this latest "Crispinade" of the Italian government appear to be any exception to the invariable rule. The Prime Minister, Marchese di Rudini, seems to have realized already that the position which he has taken up in commanding Baron Fava to present his letters of recall is not merely impolitic, but also untenable. His peremptory demands for a guarantee on the part of the United States government that the ringleaders of the lynching party at New Orleans should be punished have now simmered down to a mere request for their prosecution, and it looks very much at the present moment as if the unfortunate Baron Fava, who is a *persona grata* neither at Washington nor at Rome, is destined to *payer les pots cassés*, or in other words, to bear the brunt, and become the scapegoat of M. di Rudini's mistake.

It is a mistake that is absolutely incomprehensible. Setting aside the possibility of a war between the two nations—the bare idea of which is preposterous—it is difficult to understand what King Humbert's government can hope to obtain by the withdrawal of her minister. Foreign missions are maintained chiefly for the sake of looking after the interests of the subjects of the government by which they are accredited. This, indeed, constitutes their principal *raison d'être*. The Americans resident in Italy are but few in number compared with the hundreds of thousands of Italians established in the United States, where many of them have attained a degree of wealth and prosperity unknown in the land of their birth. This being the case, it is Italian, and not American, interests that will suffer by the withdrawal of proper diplomatic representation at Washington. Italy—in short, has bitten off her nose to spite her face; and inasmuch as she is neither prepared nor able to follow up the act of international discourtesy of which she has just been guilty by more serious measures, her citizens on this side of the Atlantic will be forced to get along without their spokesman at Washington until the day when King Humbert's government, after making suitable apologies, applies to our State Department for permission to accredit a new minister to this country in the place of Baron Fava.

While there are many who will be disposed to question the action of Secretary Blaine in recognizing in principle the Italian demand for an indemnity to the relatives of the two victims who are claimed by the Roman government as Italian citizens, but who were fugitives from the justice of their country and outlaws, unanimous approval will be accorded to the dignified forbearance which he has displayed in his temperate and courteous reply to Baron Fava's despatch of March 31st, in which the latter announces the close of his mission. The withdrawal of full diplomatic representation, under circumstances such as those which have accompanied Baron Fava's recall, constitutes one of the most serious forms of international discourtesy, and even insolence, which it is possible to conceive. It has been but rarely resorted to except in cases where powerful governments desired to demonstrate their lack of consideration for weak nations which, for one reason or another, were powerless to resent the indignity. And it may safely be taken for granted that if there were not 3000 miles of ocean intervening between the United States and Italy, the latter would never have ventured to seek temporary popularity at home by its most recent "Crispinade." F. C. O.



IN BOOM CITY, OKLAHOMA.

BOOMER (*to Eastern capitalist*). "Mr. Bronson, let me introduce you to our Mayor and Common Council."
BRONSON. "Happy to meet you, Mr. Mayor. And the Common Council?"
MAYOR. "Sir, I am also them."

## AN EQUIVALENT FOR SUICIDE.

IF we allow our bodily infirmities to make away with us through neglect, have we such an immense moral advantage over the deliberate suicide? Scarcely. For example, the deadly progress of Bright's disease, diabetes, acute nephitis, and gravel is sure—often terribly swift in the catastrophe. Most people of average information know that this is the simple, unvarnished truth in regard to those widely prevalent maladies. To delay judicious medication is specially suicidal in such cases. The means of restraint is to be found in Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. Give an impetus to the action of the kidneys with this safe and reliable diuretic, and the infant complaint is shorn at its birth of the power for evil. Allow it to grow, and anticipate the worst. The Bitters, which annihilates these growing troubles, also eradicates dyspepsia, rheumatism, malarial and liver complaints. Appetite, sleep, and vigor are also promoted by it.—[*Adv.*]

## THE PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD'S APRIL TOUR TO CALIFORNIA.

THE third tour of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company's series to the Golden Gate left New York last week, and now but one remains, which will leave April 14, and undoubtedly cover the most desirable route, both to and from the far Pacific Coast.

The special vestibule Pullman train, equipped with its drawing-room, sleeping, library and smoking, dining and observation cars, manned by a crew of twenty-four employés, as well as a tourist agent in charge, and a chaperon and ladies' maid to look after those of their own sex, a stenographer and typewriter, in fact, fitted out even to a barber, is this palace on wheels, which will in going West traverse the States of Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Iowa, Nebraska, and down into Kansas, Colorado, Utah, Nevada, and into California, where six side trips are included, as well as three whole weeks in the land of the sunny sky. Returning, the train darts directly north from San Francisco, through California, Oregon, and Washington, stopping at Portland and Tacoma, then runs east via the Northern Pacific Railroad through Idaho, Montana, North Dakota, Minnesota, Wisconsin, Iowa, Illinois, Indiana, Ohio, and home through Pennsylvania. Tickets for the entire trip, including meals *en route* and Pullman transportation, together with several carriage rides and side trips, are but $300. Application for space should be made at once to Mr. George W. Boyd, assistant general passenger agent, Philadelphia.—[*Adv.*]

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. Sold by druggists in every part of the world. Twenty-five cents a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

THE VOICE.

THOSE who overtax the voice in singing or public speaking will find "BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES" exceedingly useful, enabling them to endure more than ordinary exertion with comparative ease, while they render articulation clear. For Throat Diseases and Coughs they are a simple yet effective remedy.—[*Adv.*]

WHEN baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.—
[*Adv.*]

BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACEA, "THE GREAT PAIN RELIEVER," cures Cramps, colic, colds; all pains. 25 cts. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

USE BROWN'S CAMPHORATED SAPONACEOUS DENTIFRICE for the TEETH. DELICIOUS. 25c. —[*Adv.*]

DR. LYON'S PERFECT TOOTH POWDER. Whitens the teeth and purifies the breath. 25c.—[*Adv.*]

CRAB-APPLE BLOSSOMS.—The fashionable perfume; favorite of palace, mansion, and cottage.—[*Adv.*]

WE recommend the use of ANGOSTURA BITTERS to our friends who suffer with dyspepsia.—[*Adv.*]

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# THE TROUBLE IN NEWFOUNDLAND.

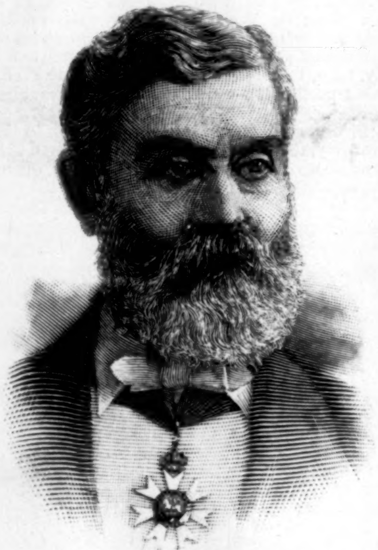
### BY L. E. QUIGG.

NEWFOUNDLAND'S griefs and perplexities have held continuously for many months a large and conspicuous place in the attention of three nations. They constitute probably the gravest, and certainly the most difficult, problem now pending in the British Foreign Office. To the colonists they are literally a matter of life and death. The situation is unique. No intelligent and self-governing people anywhere are so cruelly embarrassed. Their plight, indeed, is practically that of commercial paralysis; for with rich and abundant resources, to which their title is unquestioned, directly available; with mines of coal, iron, copper, and gypsum ready for operation; with vast forests overgrown and fertile soil hungry—all enterprise is stayed, all effort forbidden, and a full half of the population is to-day almost starving, lest the employment of these forces should scare away fish that in fact do not exist from waters that are never used, or interfere with operations on a shore long since abandoned, but which fish, waters, and shore are claimed by a foreign country 1800 miles distant for its exclusive and perpetual enjoyment.

This, in a nutshell, is the celebrated "French Shore Question." It has arisen from conditions two centuries old. It has assumed an aggravated form a dozen times within the last fifty years. It has been played with, pushed aside, compromised, and readjusted. But it always breaks out afresh, as involved as ever, as dangerous and as perplexing.

The United States have a direct interest in its settlement, especially since the negotiation last summer of a reciprocity treaty between this country and the colony. If it is settled as the colonists desire, the prosperity of our fisheries is much promoted; if as France desires, seriously menaced.

Many people have the idea that Newfoundland is a part of the Dominion of Canada, or, at least, that there is some bond between their governments. But although confederation has been frequently proposed by Canada and urgently recommended by Great Britain, the Newfoundlanders have invariably declined it, and always by a decisive majority. Their disposition, indeed, inclines them much more strongly to an American than to a Canadian alliance, and if they were free to do as they pleased, to set up an establishment of their own, to go to Canada or to come to the United States, there is scarcely a doubt that their representatives would quickly appear in Washington seeking admission as an American State. This feeling has been deepened and consolidated by the French shore controversies, and is now widely and openly avowed.

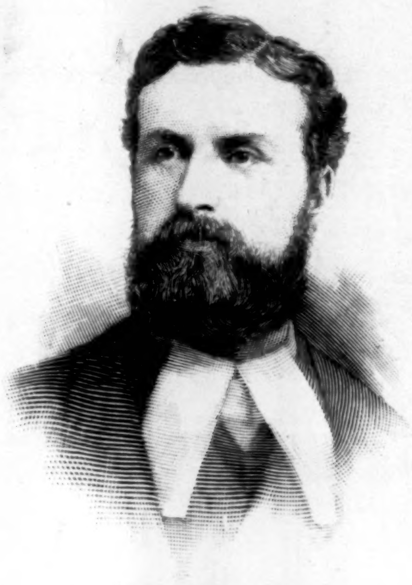

SIR WILLIAM V. WHITEWAY, K.C.M.G.
PREMIER OF NEWFOUNDLAND.

#### HOW THE FISHING TREATIES AROSE.

In quieter days the Newfoundlanders were proud to speak of their country as "England's most ancient colony."

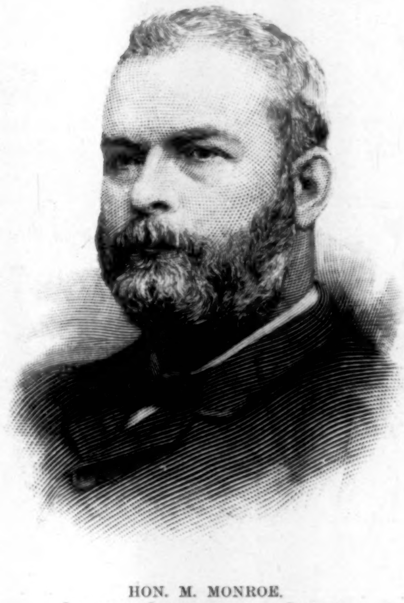
This does not mean that it contained her oldest colonial settlement. It does mean that Newfoundland is the oldest American possession actually claimed by England—the first over which her flag flew. This circumstance is rarely recalled now except as accentuating the reproaches cast upon the mother country for neglecting the demands of a child thus entitled to consideration. As a settled colony, Newfoundland is scarcely a century old. Representative government was not conferred until 1825; responsible government not until 1854; so that the evils now so oppressive are older than the colony's organization, and were fastened upon it long before it contained a habitable home.

They were the result of the contentions of the English and French fishermen who came out from Devonshire and Brittany every summer to fish for cod. This industry began almost immediately after the Cabots discovered the island, if, indeed, it had not an earlier existence. The French say it had. They declare that the Basque fishermen had been resorting to the Newfoundland banks for full fifty years before that event. Be that as it may, they were far more enterprising than the English fishermen, and made a much greater use of the fisheries and of the island in curing and drying their catch. The Spaniards and the Portuguese also paid annual visits to the banks and also resorted to the island. When Sir Humphrey Gilbert assumed formal possession of Newfoundland in England's name 308 years ago, he found thirty-six fishing vessels, representing no less than five European nationalities, in the harbor of St. John's. Soon, however, the English and the French had driven out all rivals, and the industry was exclusively theirs. Their quarrels were presently reflected at the courts of the two nations, and as the result of long negotiations, in 1635 the French obtained for the first time the formal acknowledgment of rights upon the territory of Newfoundland. They agreed to pay the English king a small royalty on their catch for the privilege of landing and drying their fish on his island. Thus began the controversy to which Lord Salisbury for England and M. Ribot for France are still adding volumes of bitterness and argument.


HON. ROBERT BOND.
NEGOTIATOR OF THE RECIPROCITY TREATY WITH THE UNITED STATES.

Until about the close of the last century it was the policy of England to prevent all settlement in Newfoundland. This was done as an act of protection to the fish merchants of Devonshire. They were the capitalists of the business. They furnished the ships, provisions, and tackle, and disposed of the take, and the actual fishermen received a small percentage of the net profit, or worked on shares. This system is still pursued, only the scene of the contract is removed from England to the colony. It was the danger that it would so shift, and that they would lose control of the business, that led the English fishing merchants to demand of the government measures to prevent settlement upon the island. Their agitation resulted in the passage of several laws forbidding any person to spend the winter in Newfoundland, to erect any buildings there except sheds and stages to dry the fish upon and shacks of the rudest sort for shelter. It was a high crime to transport women there, and, of course, the private acquisition of land was impossible. The island was to be merely a fishing station, for use only during the fishing season. This ancient policy is directly responsible for all the evils which now oppress the colonists, restrain their just aspirations, and obstruct their efforts.

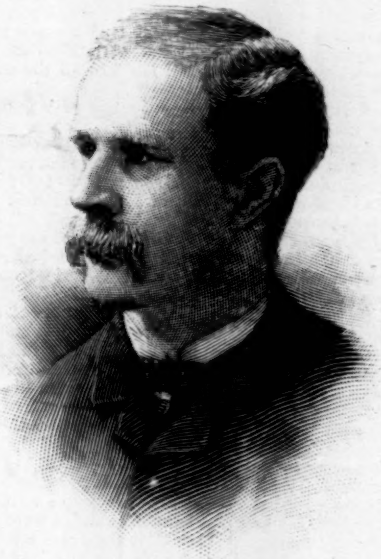
There is this excuse for it, that the English did not know until it was too late the real value of Newfoundland. They had no idea of its agricultural, mineral, and lumbering resources. They did perceive that the fisheries could support a thriving colony, but their invariable motive in colonization, except such as was undertaken by political or religious refugees, was the financial gain of England, and that was better promoted and secured by holding the fishermen at home than by allowing them to settle permanently in Newfoundland. Moreover, in the early part of the seventeenth century several attempts sustained by royal grants had been made to colonize the country, and they had utterly failed. That was the purpose of Sir Humphrey Gilbert's expedition. Another, on a far grander scale, was led by Sir George Calvert before he established himself in Maryland and became Lord Baltimore. These abortive enterprises naturally gave the English a bad impression of the country, except as a depot for the conduct of the fisheries. And having this one purpose to serve in holding it, and being unable to dislodge the French already established in Canada and Nova Scotia, and to monopolize the fishing industry, it seemed naturally the part of peace and profit to arrange a scheme of orderly competition. This explains if it does not excuse the fishery clauses of the Treaty of Utrecht. But their re-enactment after the fall of Quebec, and again after the battle of Waterloo, was sheer amazing stupidity.


HON. M. MONROE.
LEADER OF OPPOSITION IN THE COUNCIL.

#### FRENCH RIGHTS AS DEFINED IN THE TREATIES.

The Peace of Utrecht, in 1713, followed the victories of the Duke of Marlborough. The French were then as powerful as the English in America, and well placed to make trouble on the fishing banks. During the war they had actually captured Newfoundland, and were masters of it when Louis was humbled at Blenheim. So that the English, in recovering it by a treaty stipulating that from that time forward it should "belong wholly of right to Great Britain," were really recovering the opportunity to fish, and they felt they could well afford to agree that France might use a portion of the shore for fishing stations under conditions prohibiting fortifications and permanent buildings. The coast-line thus reserved to France extended from Cape Bonavista, around the northern part of the island, down to Point Riche on its western coast. In terms and in effect the arrangement amounted to a partition of the island—the English to use its eastern and southern shores; the French, its northern and western. The sovereignty of the whole, while lodged in England, was as much qualified as are the rights of the owner of a rented house.

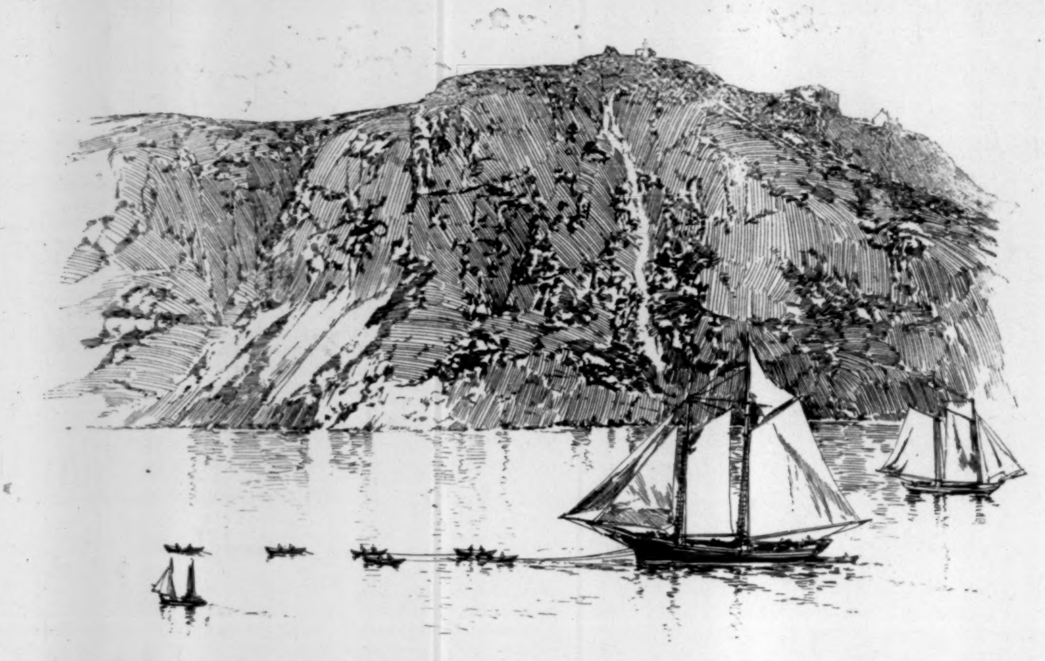
Substantially, this arrangement exists to-day, but with curious modifications. After the expulsion of the French from Canada and Nova Scotia, England's opportunity to extinguish their fishery rights was perfect. She might easily have made her control of the fishing industry complete. Fresh bait, safe harbors, and grounds for treating the fish are absolutely essential to its profitable prosecution. All these France had forfeited; but the superb craft of her statesmen was easily equal to the task of winning back by diplomacy one of the richest prizes war had lost. The noble empire founded by Champlain, and held and extended by the Jesuits, was, indeed, forever gone, and when the Peace of Paris had been signed, no spot of the thousands of miles from the mouth of the St. Lawrence to the mouth of the Mississippi, over which the eagles of France had so long and so defiantly flown, remained for their occupation, save two small islands just off the coast of Newfoundland. But these, St. Pierre and Miquelon, meant for France the salvation of her fisheries. The fishery clauses of the Treaty of Utrecht were renewed and confirmed, and, in addition, these two islands were ceded "in full right" to his Most Christian Majesty, "to serve as a shelter to the French fishermen"; but they were not to be fortified, nor to contain any other buildings than those "for the convenience of the fishery," nor was a larger armed force to be kept upon them than "fifty men for the police."


HON. A. B. MORINE.
LEADER OF OPPOSITION IN THE HOUSE AND DELEGATE TO ENGLAND.

This enactment had not been long in operation before England and France were again at war, and when hostilities ceased, the British power in America was stripped almost as sadly as, twenty years before, the French had been. It came to the convention of Paris in 1763 arrogant and victorious. It came to that of Versailles in 1783 beaten and enfeebled. Involving, as this treaty did, American issues almost entirely, it was but natural that the fisheries question should receive close attention. None of the earlier arrangements had proved effectual in removing causes of jealousy and strife between the fishermen of the two countries. They had encroached upon each other's territories, had quarrelled about the bait supplies, and, lacking other occasions of dispute, had warred for the love of warring. The framers of the Treaty of Versailles were at much pains, then, to provide against all kinds of friction, and as this treaty is the one now being debated by the statesmen of Downing Street and the Quai d'Orsay, its terms are here recited in detail. First, the cession of St. Pierre and Miquelon was confirmed under the conditions originally imposed. Then the boundaries of the French shore of Newfoundland were altered, and it was made to include all the northern and western coast-line, about 500 miles long, from Cape St. John to Cape Ray. In the waters beyond that shore the French were to be permitted to fish, and upon it they had full liberty to land for the purpose of curing and drying their takes. Here the treaty-makers stopped, and had the end they made been left as they left it, the controversies of to-day would be much simpler and much less difficult of adjustment.

### KING GEORGE'S STUPID DECLARATION.

There was nothing in the treaty that gave the French exclusive right, or warranted the inference that the shore was to remain at their option a desert wilderness. But the royal George felt it incumbent upon him, when the drafts of the treaty were exchanged, to declare how he would construe it, and the question to-day is how to construe his construction. He accompanied the announcement of ratification with a statement which in international law has all the effect of the treaty itself, and here it is:



AN AMERICAN "BANKER" ENTERING THE HARBOR OF ST. JOHN'S FOR BAIT.

"In order that the fishermen of the two nations may not give cause for daily quarrels, his Britannic Majesty will take the most positive measures for preventing his subjects from interrupting in any manner, *by their competition*, the fishery of the French during the temporary exercise of it which is granted to them upon the coast of Newfoundland; but he will, for this purpose, *cause the fixed settlements which shall be formed there to be removed.* The method of carrying on the fishery *which has at all times been acknowledged* shall be the plan upon which the fishery shall be carried on *there.* It shall not be deviated from *by either party.*"

Let it be understood that so far as the present controversy, which is rapidly passing far away from the point where a year ago it started, turns upon the rights of the French *versus* those of the Newfoundlanders, it relates directly and entirely to the words just quoted. And in order to appreciate their present significance, it is necessary to give a brief sketch of what has occurred in the island since they were written.

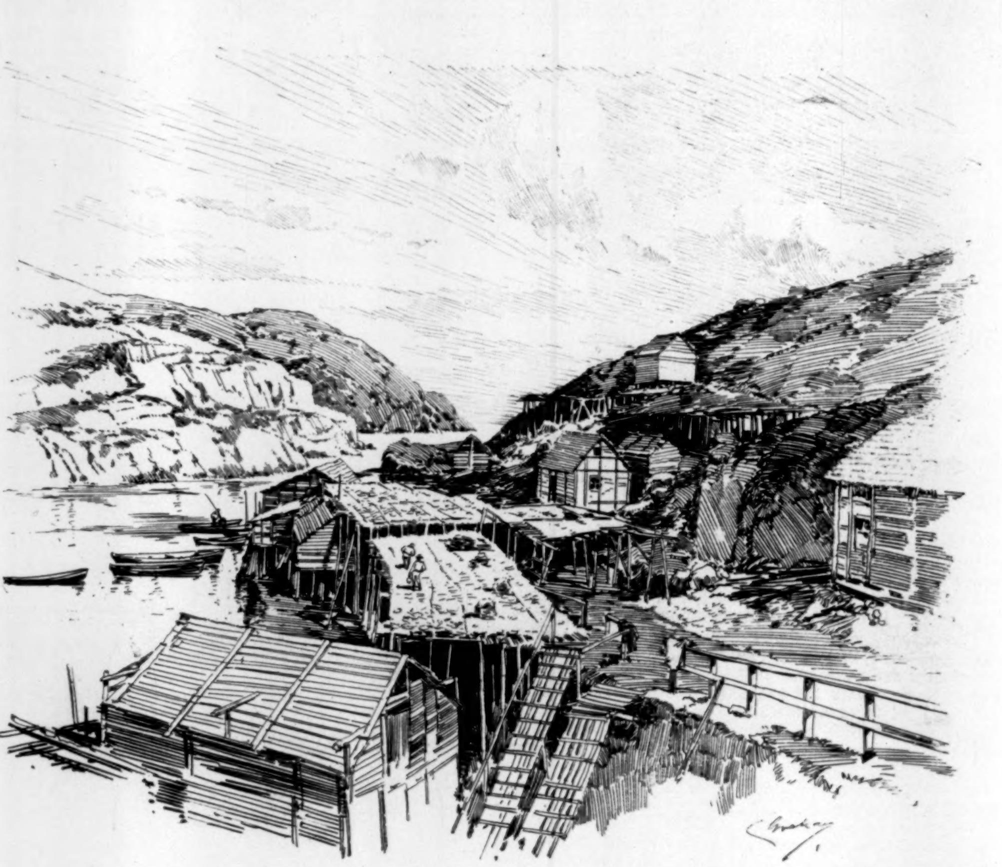
Then it was a complete wilderness. All effort to colonize it had long since been abandoned. The proscriptive laws against wintering there, against the presence of women, and against the building of permanent habitations were in full force, and for thirty years thereafter they continued to be applied—at times severely, but with less and less system. But soon they were evaded, then defied, and in the first decade of the present century, in spite of all that could be done to prevent it, a permanent town had grown up on the site of the city of St. John's. The British government at last made the best of the inevitable, and land laws were passed, under which the settlers exchanged their claims as "squatters" for rights as colonists. Other settlements grew up all along the eastern and southern coasts, at points where formerly there had been mere fishing stations; and presently, as the British fishing merchants had feared, the fishery industry slipped from their hands and established itself in St. John's. The government of the "fishing admirals" was exchanged for that of regular naval officers, who soon were followed by civilian executives sent out from England. These in turn became unsuited to the growing times, and the colony assumed to govern itself with its own system of laws and its own body of law-makers. Meanwhile the French had established a large colony on St. Pierre. They gave no heed whatever to the limited authority with which they had been endowed. Forbidden to fortify St. Pierre, they rendered it impregnable. Forbidden to erect fixed habitations, they builded a strong and populous city. Forbidden to assemble more than fifty policemen, they maintained a small navy, and discharged, in fact, every function of unqualified sovereignty. The same influences that operated with them to convert St. Pierre into a maritime stronghold and a commercial capital moved the Newfoundlanders to colonize the "French shore." As the little villages of the fishermen spread northward and westward from St. John's, they soon encountered the lines of demarcation at Cape St. John and Cape Ray. But they paid no attention to the forbidding treaties. Town after town sprang up. Schools and churches were established. The colonial government at length decided to include the French shore settlements in a parliamentary apportionment, and they received a seat or two in the colonial Legislature. Explorations into the interior discovered wide areas of farming land, superb forests of pine, oak, and hickory, coal fields, and deposits of iron, copper, and gypsum. Rivers led from these industrial temptations directly to the sea, and it was borne in upon the consciousness of the colonists that by far the most valuable part of their country, and the only part that gave them the chance of diversified industry, lay back of the shore that had been given in perpetual lease to the French.

### QUAINT SCENES AMONG THE OUTPORTS.

These events had not occurred, of course, without many reproaches and many accusations of bad faith from both sides. Indeed, from the date of the last Treaty of Paris, in 1826, when, after the fall of Napoleon, the fishery clauses of the Treaty of Versailles and the royal declarations accompanying it were revived and renewed, until the present time, scarcely a year has passed without its series of diplomatic controversies concerning violations of the treaty alleged to be committed by both parties. And both parties were right as well as wrong. They had been committed. Moreover, they were irreparable. They were of a kind which could not be remedied or prevented. They were the result of advancing civilization, of the march of progress.

Two distinct kinds of fishery operations are, or until recent years have been, conducted from St. John's and from St. Pierre. One is the bank fishery; the other the shore fishery. Their names describe their character.

The Newfoundland banks are submarine plateaus distant less than a hundred miles from the island. The largest of them, the Grand Bank, an immense rocky elevation, extends over nine degrees of latitude and five of longitude. The depth of the water above it is from 50 to 360 feet. Here the lordliest of the lordly cod reside, and here the fishing fleets of the United States, Newfoundland, France, and Canada ply their perilous trade. At the present day the bank fishery alone can be depended on. Formerly the waters all along the American coast from Massachusetts to Labrador were prolific of cod and herring. But reckless and wasteful methods of fishing—the seine, the cod net, the cod trap, and the bultow—have gradually depleted the shore fisheries until they now supply but a precarious living to those who still engage in them. They are not yet wholly abandoned except by the French and the Americans. The fishermen of these nations, being compelled to go a long distance to find a fishing-ground, whether on the banks or along the coasts, and therefore to fit out for a deep-sea voyage anyhow, naturally go where the fish are best and most plentiful. But those Canadians and Newfoundlanders who live along the harbors and coasts still frequented by the fish not unusually make good catches. They have the advantage of not being required to furnish themselves with large vessels. A stanch skiff is all they need, so that, although at best their fisheries are poor and incomparable with those they once enjoyed, there is still a measure of profit in the business.



THE TOWN OF QUIDI VIDI—CODFISH DRYING ON THE "FLAKES."

The essential difference between the craft employed on the banks and those used by the shore fishermen may be observed in the illustrations that accompany this article. In one, a "banker" of the American type, by far the stanchest and swiftest of the entire fishing fleet, may be seen putting into St. John's for bait. A spectacle more picturesque than is presented by this queenly creature, with her long low black hull and her vast reaches of snowy wing, standing in waters here blue in the shadow of the rocky cliff, there iridescent in the sunlight, and yonder, where the fleecy clouds are passing, empurpled, soft, and rich, would be hard indeed to find. Not the seas alone, with their boisterous winds and their conflicting currents, but the land, bold, rocky, often weird, and always majestic, seems to be the natural home of a free, brave-hearted people. The cliffs that rise sharply from the sea on either side of the harbor channel at St. John's are examples of the coast. Everywhere these monster rocks are found standing over against each other with grim hard fronts, like giants in a moment's rest from battle. The banking fleet seem to be their fit companions. They suggest the same dauntless spirit, the same inherent power. All things that float look feeble on the brow of a dashing sea, but if there is a craft that literally makes sport of the waves—not gentle caressing waves, but mighty billows that tear along in nervous ferocity—it is one of these stiff, saucy bankers.

Very different is the fleet that may any time be seen in the shelter of Petty Harbor. As an illustration of life in an outport, every scene in Petty Harbor is typical. The village is far enough from St. John's to possess an independent fleet of its own, and near enough to a profitable shore fishery to insure employment and profit to all its people. The boats, mostly sloop-rigged, light but well built, at nightfall fill the harbor, moored close by the flakes on which the fish are drying. Before daybreak the bows are turned seaward, and, like horses in a steeple-chase, off they dash through the inlet, a dozen abreast, often with no more than the room of a salted herring from rail to rail between them.

### THREE VIEWS OF WHAT THE TREATIES MEAN.

The French fleet are all bankers. Possessing no right of habitation along the coast allotted to their use, it would necessarily be the case, whether they fished along shore or in midocean, that their vessels should be large and strong. Naturally, then, they select the grounds where such vessels can be most profitably employed, and those grounds are on the banks.

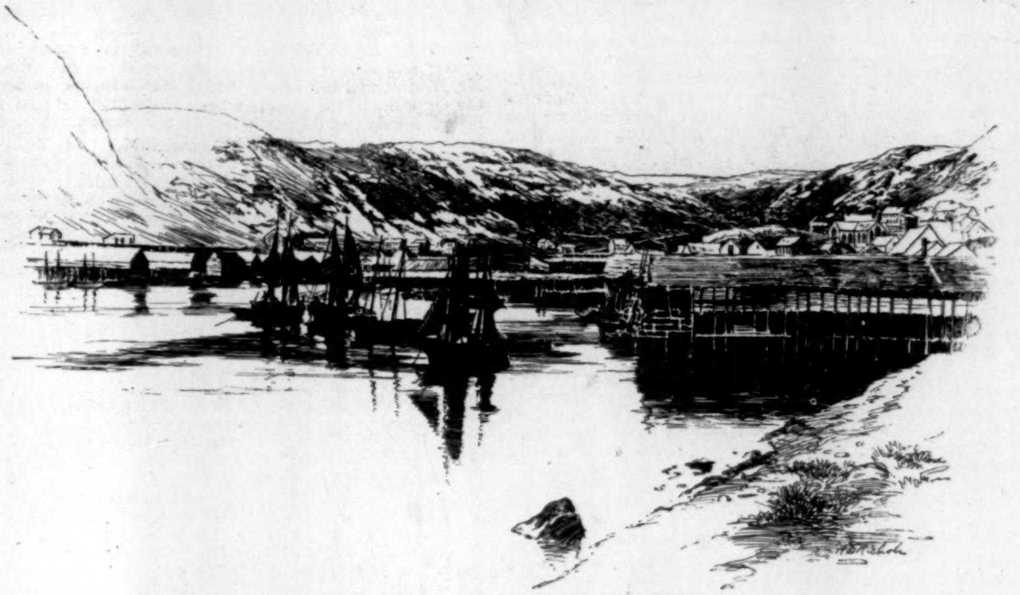
It will be observed, as a prime consideration in the pending controversy, that the treaties we have quoted in no way refer or relate to a fishery conducted in the open ocean. France, possessing St. Pierre as a shelter and a depot, could catch every fish she now secures without any concession whatever from Great Britain. The bank fisheries are open to all the world, and the French industry would not be affected by so much as a single quintal if every other part of the Treaty of Versailles than the clause ceding the island of St. Pierre were blotted out. Or, in a word, amazing as it seems, that clause not being contested, this entire dispute, ancient, intricate, and bitter, concerns only those rights which the French do not use and cannot use, and which no court of appraisal on earth would value at a ten-pound note. In their construction of the treaty—or, rather, of King George's declaration, for it is the matter involved—the French allege that their right to fish along the coast specified is exclusive; for, says the king, my subjects shall not interrupt "in any manner, *by their competition*, the fishery of the French." They claim that all colonization and settlement on that coast is unlawful; for, says the king, I will "cause the fixed settlements which shall be formed there to be removed." They claim that all such things as piers, water-mills, factories, and all habitations, are expressly prohibited, for it is their right to land anywhere, and they may wish to land just where these obstructions have been placed; and it is their right also to cut any timber they require, and the timber employed to build these obstructions may be the very timber desired by French fishermen. Moreover, they say, all these buildings and the industries they shelter are injurious to the waters of the shore, and render them unfit for the habitation of fish.

Each of these claims is in part denied by the English, and in still greater part by the Newfoundlanders. In the long line of British statesmen who have had to do with the question, only Lord Palmerston has fully adopted the colonial view. Lord Salisbury has never precisely defined his own contention. In this dispute with the French, as in the Behring Sea issue with Mr. Blaine, he has been content to state the colonial position without actually endorsing it. But if his personal construction of the declaration can be got at from the masses of words with which he has endeavored to conceal it, he inclines to admit the French assertion that the shore must remain forever a wilderness, devoted only to the fishing industry; that there should be no villages or permanent dwelling-places there, and no industry pursued which in any way tends to impair the value of the fishery. He insists, however, that the French rights, whatever they may be, are not exclusive, but, on the contrary, are as open to British subjects as to French citizens. This he justifies by referring to the second clause of the declaration, which, as the later one, may be fairly presumed to explain what goes before. It states that the fishery to be prosecuted *there*—that is, along the French shore—shall be of the same kind that has at all times been acknowledged, and "it shall not be deviated from *by either party*." These expressions, according to Lord Salisbury, leave no reasonable doubt of the intention of the framers of the treaty, and of their Majesties who ratified it, to allow British subjects to fish for cod *there* on equal terms with the French, thus explaining the earlier clause which forbade interference by competition, and making it mean merely that the French should have the right of way.

### CAN LOBSTERS BE CALLED FISH?

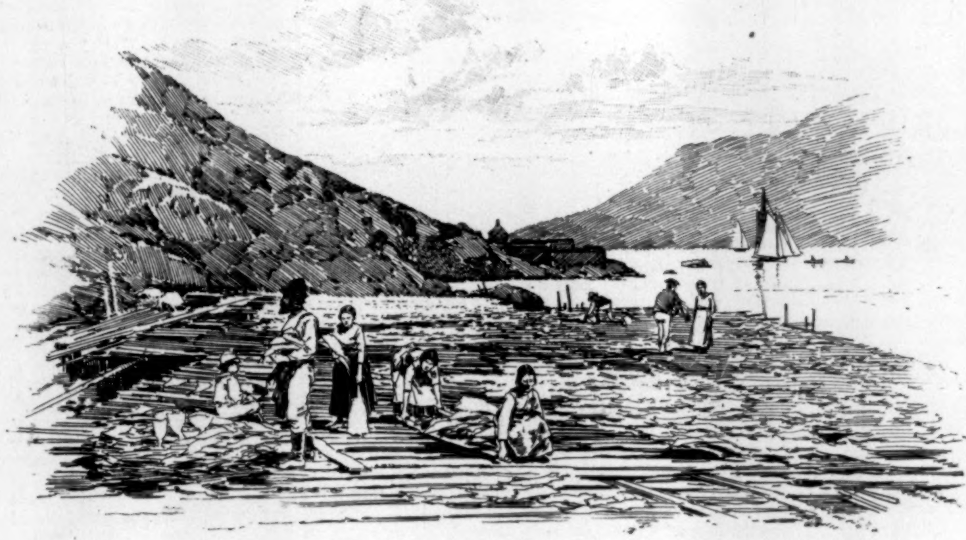
The consideration of this second clause of the king's declaration brings us conveniently to the latest phase of the quarrel, the celebrated row about lobsters. Along the shores of Newfoundland, and especially along the French shore, lobsters grow as nowhere else. They are larger, finer, sweeter, better flavored, and much firmer than any other lobsters taken from any sea. About five years ago the Newfoundlanders living along the French shore began to can them, and an industry of great value suddenly sprang up. Now King George had specified that the fishery which should be conducted there was the one "which had at all times been acknowledged." That, beyond dispute, was a cod-fishery. It was not to be "deviated from by either party." Therefore, according to the French, whatever rights the colonists might have, they certainly did not have the right to catch or can lobsters. Equally certain was it that they did not have the right to put up "fixed settlements," and if anything could be called a "fixed settlement" it was a lobster factory. Having applied this well-chosen argument to the colonists, the French straightway proceeded to reject it for themselves, and seeing how rapidly lobsters were being turned into dollars, they went over in large numbers from St. Pierre, and established themselves in the lobster industry also.

The colonists protested savagely. They asserted their rights much more broadly than Lord Salisbury has done. The treaties, they said, meant nothing more than that the French could catch codfish off that coast, if there were any to catch, and could land and dry them. But every inch of Newfoundland soil belonged to Newfoundland, and no Frenchman could appropriate a grain of it, or take anything from the waters about it except cod. This new aggression, they said, was the last straw that broke the camel's back. For a hundred years they had patiently endured this hateful French incubus. They had submitted to have their energies stifled, their resources wasted, and their lives made dependent upon a single industry, when all around them were the opportunities of wealth; but they would submit no longer. An end must be made, and made quickly, of all these French pretensions. Accordingly, they held public meetings, from which their wrath poured forth tumultuously, and their Legislature appealed to Great Britain in savage resolutions. Their astonishment and infinite vexation may be easily imagined when the response to these beseechings came early last year in the form of a *modus vivendi*, contracted by England and France without the knowledge of the Newfoundland government, to this effect: that, pending further negotiations of the lobster question, all factories of either nation in existence on July 1, 1889, might operate during the season of 1890; but no new factory on either side could be operated without the joint consent of the French and English naval commanders on the station; and for every new factory allowed to one side, one was to be granted to the other.



PETTY HARBOR—FISHING-BOATS AND SHEDS.

There was nothing about this arrangement that was not utterly offensive to the colonists. Most offensive of all was the fact that it had been secretly come at. Early in their history as a self-governed country, in 1857, after prolonged disputes with the French, a convention had been framed by the governments at London and Paris without the participation of the colonial cabinet, and when its text reached St. John's, the colonial Legislature exposed its follies, and indignantly repudiated it. Great Britain promptly receded from the treaty, and in announcing its acquiescent action to the colony, this highly satisfactory language was used: "The consent of the community of Newfoundland is regarded by her Majesty's government as the essential preliminary to any modification of their territorial or maritime rights." A plainer promise was never made, and it has been to Newfoundland a *magna charta*. And in arranging this new *modus* not only had Lord Salisbury violated this essential pledge, not only had he assumed to make one man's lobster business legal and another's illegal, but he had practically conceded that the French could enter upon Newfoundland territory upon another errand than those specified in the treaties—a concession which seemed to the colonists insufferable, and which they regarded as an illustration of the ignorance of their situation and of the disregard of their rights habitual to British statesmen.



PREPARING THE FISH IN ST. JOHN'S HARBOR.

### THE REAL MOTIVE OF FRENCH HOSTILITY.

At once they advanced their position, and from patient, even timid applicants for merely a strict construction of the treaty law, which, of course, from its nature, as involving hardship, they were entitled to, they became impassioned, resolute agitators for its total abrogation. They talked with the sturdy candor natural to an aroused Saxon. They had done with all this pother and worry, they said; the French must go. They would never accept any arrangement short of that, and for that they would fight if they had to. Not to individuals nor classes was this sort of talk confined. It was the deliberate declaration of the whole people. Officials, of course, spoke with more or less caution and reserve. Self-seeking politicians, hunting for stars and ribbons, and hence for British favor, were at first disposed to counsel moderation. But before the fishing season of 1890 had actually opened, the island was a unit, and to speak of France anywhere was to raise at once an outcry of resentment.

It has been already said that the French do not make the downright claim of the right to catch and can lobsters. This requires some qualification. M. Flourens, but recently the French Minister of Foreign Affairs, and certainly a statesman of eminent antecedents, has publicly declared that the treaties afford "a right of veritable sovereignty." This undoubtedly expresses the sentiments, as it interprets the acts, of the French fishermen. But M. Flourens in office was less grasping, and his successors have distinctly disavowed so far-reaching a claim. They contend merely for (1) the exclusive right of fishing off the shore; (2) that no use may be made by the British of the shore which in the judgment of the French interferes with or injures the fishery; and (3) that the British can have no right of fishing whatever which does not also appertain to the French, whether it be for lobsters, herring, or cod. Now, as we have seen, the cod-fishery is a fiction. It does not exist, and probably never can again until all the problems of artificial propagation and planting have been solved; and since propagation by the colonists would mean the creation of a fishery for the benefit of their foes, and since the French do not want the shore fishery in their present circumstances anyhow, it may be accepted as a fact that their rights, whether great or small, are of no value. The reason, then, of their uncompromising refusal to part with them—for that is the position they have taken, and with intense resolution—has to be sought at a long distance from the French shore. However, it is not hard to find, and, from the French point of view, it is profoundly ample. It is twofold. It is partly commercial and partly political. Perhaps its political phase is the more influential—certainly the more widely influential. The commercial phase is suggested by the fishermen, and concerns their necessities, but this alone would scarcely be sufficient to persuade the entire French nation to risk offending England, when England makes such conciliatory advances. Taken together, however, the two consolidate French opinion, and render France much more interested to maintain rights that are useless to her than is England to recover rights that are of immense value to the colonists.

The situation in Egypt, which to every Frenchman is thoroughly exasperating, fully explains the universal demand in France that the fishermen be sustained. The fishermen, on their part, require bait, and bait is not to be had at St. Pierre, nor along the French shore, nor anywhere else than in those bays on the southern and eastern coasts which are under the exclusive control of the colonists. These two facts tell the secret of France's harsh refusal to consent to anything but the open acknowledgment of her rights. The pursuit of the cod is an utter impossibility without easy access to a bait market. The market at Halifax is scarcely equal to the Canadian and American demand. The market at St. John's is the only one where the French can profitably buy. Three little fishes—the caplin, the squid, and the herring—furnish the food of the cod. They do not appear all together; each has its season, or "run." The caplin comes first, in immense shoals, early in June, and then the cod-fishing begins. Just before the caplin disappears, the squid arrives, and then, in timely turn, the herring. The catch of these bait fishes is absolutely controlled by Newfoundland. Their migrations carry them nowhere except along the coasts held by the colony, and the cod-fishery, no matter where it may be conducted, is thus held like a vise in the colony's hands. This fact explains the recent treaty negotiated by Mr. Blaine with Mr. Bond, the Colonial Secretary of Newfoundland, by which, in return for free bait for the American fishermen, the United States offer to Newfoundland what they have repeatedly refused to Canada—a free market for her fish. Free bait conceded by Canada would be simply a free entry to a poor bait market. Free bait from Newfoundland would mean a sure and ever-sufficient supply.

### THE COLONY'S INFLEXIBLE DEMAND.

It also explains the refusal of the French fishermen to give up rights that they own, but don't want and can't use. Valueless as the French shore is to them, they fully understand and appreciate its tremendous importance to the colony, and when they sell their leasehold it will be at a price representing its worth to Newfoundland—not to France. They will give it up any day for free bait, but free bait is the one price that Newfoundland will never pay. Nor would she be justified in doing so. Unlimited access to her bait market extended to France would mean the loss of her commercial independence, and under the present French bounty system (by which the French fishermen are paid out